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The Week

THERE is no need of jumping to conclusions as to whether or not a new political party will issue from the movement inaugurated by Senator La Follette's call for a meeting of progressives and radicals. The idea of a new political party is in the air, and is bound to take material shape when the time is ripe. But a great deal of preliminary work must be done before that time comes. Most important of all, it must be determined whether the various political elements that have broken off from the old parties, or are loosely attached to them, have enough in common to group themselves harmoniously under a new party. It must be determined how large a proportion of the forces of progressivism prefer to take another chance at capturing the Republican party and adapting it to their uses. One conference or a half dozen will not suffice for a final determination of these points. A whole series of conferences, national and regional, will be required before it can be known whether a third party can be launched before 1924 with any hope of success. The conference called by Senator La Follette ought to yield valuable information on the vigor and cohesiveness of what the metropolitan press is pleased to regard as the radical faction of the new progressive movement, but which is more probably the progressive centre.

WHAT placed the Turks in a position to expel the Armenians and Greeks was the French support of the Turkish Nationalists. The French knew what Turkish victory would mean for the Christians of Asia Minor, but they took a detached and philosophic view of this detail. They wanted to put a spoke in the wheel of British policy, and they did it. But now the Turkish Nationalists are feeling their oats and advance to new acts of independence. They declare that they mean to put an end to the Capitularies, and to the Occidental administration of the Ottoman debt. At last French calm is disturbed. With the Capitularies abolished a French merchant trading in Turkey would have to take his chances in the Turkish courts. With the Ottoman debt administration abolished, Turkish bonds, largely held in France, may go the way of Russian bonds. We are sorry for the merchants who will have to collect from their Turkish debtors according to the rules for dealing with infidels laid down in the Koran. We are sorry, too, for the French investors in Ottoman bonds. But after the Armenian massacres and the disaster of Smyrna, these new woes do not overwhelm us.

ARMENIA as a nation is extinguished. The minority of the Armenian people who have escaped massacre and famine have emigrated or are emigrating under the lash of the Turkish Nationalists. In time they will become good Greeks, Italians, Americans, Argentinians, and their language and culture will survive only as curious vestiges. Through three thousand years they have held their ground stubbornly against every conqueror who marched through the military highway which is their homeland. Egyptian, Chaldean, Persian, Greek, Roman, Saracen and Turk came successively to destroy them, but they survived. But now they

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are perishing. It is not the fanaticism of Mohammed nor the barbarism of the Asiatic steppes that is destroying Armenia, but nationalism, an idea generated by the Christian peoples of the West. Nationalism has room for only one people, one culture, within its boundaries. Therefore with every advance from the homogeneous peoples of western Europe it has brought woe to the minority nations that had lived for centuries in peace. It set Germans and Czechs to quarrelling in their common land Bohemia; it filled the Balkans with violence and murder and war. At last it has laid hold of the Turk and has increased his barbarism and intolerance ten fold. The Occident may take what pride it can in this new convert to its chief political dogma.

MUSSOLINI has found a simple solution for governing without a parliamentary majority. He takes his stand boldly on the rights of revolutionary force. He reminds the Chambers that, if he had chosen, the elected representatives of the people would have been swept into the street as so much rubbish. And he is at no pains to conceal the fact that the broom is still in his hands. With all this made clear, he lets them vote, and they give him—and the broom—an overwhelming vote of confidence. Only the Socialists hold aloof, secure in an insignificance which would arouse an Anglo-Saxon dictator to thirst for blood, but which merely brings a Mona Lisa smile to the face of a practical Latin. Mussolini is a Caesar; whether for the moment or longer depends on whether he has the vision of a Caesar or that of the ringleader of a common mutiny. Down to the present he has not given to the outside world any clue as to his real significance. All that we can certainly know of him is that he is able to clothe remarkably small ideas in remarkably big words. But the Caesars did that too, at times. Even the great Julius often talked about saving the Republic when all he was doing was saving his own skin.

THE bonus is likely to be granted, whether President Harding again vetoes the measure or not. So at any rate it appears from the New York Times's analysis of the sentiment of the new Congress. A new liability running into the billions is to be laid upon a treasury already overburdened. Advocates of sound finance will anathematize a short sighted electorate, and the politicians who lack the courage to stand out against a raid on the treasury. The electorate, we agree, is short sighted. The politicians are spineless. The bonus is a raid. But unfortunately for the moral position of its opponents, the bonus is not the first raid, nor the most unjustifiable, in recent years. The war contractors raided the treasury for billions, and even where evidence of gross overcharges was easily accessible, the government has taken no energetic measures to recover. The repeal of the excess profits tax was a raid on the treasury, depriving it of its sovereign right to a share in the hundreds of millions of treasure-trove emerging in a speculative society. The tariff was a raid designed to take billions away from the public to form a bonus for protected interests whose needs and merits are nothing as compared with those of the ex-service men. We regret that our late defenders in the war should now be conducting an offensive against our national treasury. But let us be fair. There is much less to be said against such an undertaking than can be said against the offensives that have been successfully put through by the patrioteers who did not defend us in the war.

THE Women's International League for Peace and Freedom will hold a conference early next month at The Hague, on the general subject, A New Peace. The object of the conference is to promote the revision of the treaties of 1919; the specific program for discussion includes the establishment of a universal league of nations with power to maintain peace, the cancellation of the economic clauses of the treaties, and universal disarmament. If these objects seem ambitious the explanation is that in the present condition of Europe anything less fundamental is not worth talking about. In the words of Miss Jane Addams, the Honorary Chairman of the League, "The members of the International Executive Board who recently met in Europe have called this emergency conference because they have seen week by week utter despair coming upon the people of Central Europe and upon the other nations, who are helpless to disentangle themselves from the economic disaster which the existing settlement had brought upon them all."

THE attempt to dispossess the Indians of their lands and water rights in New Mexico by the Bursum bill, discussed in Mrs. Henderson's article in this issue, is a special piece of villainy. It is probably true that the United States government has never kept fully a single one of the hundreds of treaties which it has made with the Indians. Under pressure from local interests the national authority, in whose wardship the Indians are, has invariably yielded to measures of spoliation. But in this case the excuse that the Indians are a disturbing factor in the community, an obstacle to the advance of civilization, does not exist. The Pueblo

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dwellers of New Mexico represent a settled society which dates from before the European colonization of America, an economic system of extraordinary interest, and a culture and an art inexpressibly lovely and precious. That local greed should initiate such a raid as the Bursum bill is not to be wondered at. That the United States government, represented by the Indian Bureau, should become an accomplice in what is virtually the extermination of a peaceful people under its protection is monstrous. The man responsible for the official attitude of the administration is Albert B. Fall, Secretary of the Interior and formerly Senator from New Mexico. If there is honor or humanity or Christianity or common decency in the breast of an American he will write to Fall to protest against his endorsement of this projected crime—and he will write also to his Congressman to vote against the Bursum bill.

THE attitude of the State Department in regard to legislation pending in the Mexican Chamber of Deputies is a virtual assumption of overlordship by the United States. On October 19th the United States Chargé d'Affaires in Mexico wrote to Foreign Secretary Pani, requesting information in regard to a proposed tax law on petroleum. A month later under instructions of the State Department he wrote to protest that "the proposed law is entirely inadequate for the protection of rights legally acquired by North Americans." Secretary Pani replied that the Executive Department had no knowledge of the law in question and added that the pretensions of a foreign government to censor in advance Mexican legislation were intolerable. There was great enthusiasm in the Mexican Chamber of Deputies, and all Latin America is now put on its guard against the encroachments of the United States.

THE reply of the State Department is an indignant and plaintive plea of injured innocence. The Mexicans desire our recognition. Their threatened confiscatory policy in regard to the property of American citizens stands in the way. The State Department in its anxiety to reduce this obstacle takes the liberty of a candid friend and issues a timely warning in regard to a projected measure. "Had this government in no way intimated its view before the legislation had been passed, there doubtless would have been complaint." Doubtless. But while "a stitch in time saves nine" is a maxim of common sense, it is not diplomacy. Mr. Hughes should be sufficiently a man of the world to know that in view of his attitude toward the Mexican government it is absurd to ask the Mexicans to believe in our good faith and goodwill. It may seem very clever to withhold recognition from the Mexican government as a pledge to secure its good behavior, but until we accord such recognition the relations of the two nations are in unstable equilibrium and even such a naïvely friendly gesture as Mr. Hughes describes will be interpreted as a hostile act.

EX-SENATOR NEWBERRY is entitled to credit for his decent action in resigning from the Senate. Say that the credit he deserves is merely that of the unwelcome guest who beats the boot to it, yet that is something. Or to be more precise in metaphors, say that Newberry's Senatorship was a counterfeit dollar that would pass current so long as there was a bludgeon behind it, but not now, when the bludgeon has been knocked out of Harding's hands. Some credit, however, falls to the man who withdraws even the most tinny counterfeit from circulation. But no credit falls to those Pharisaic money changers in the Temple, like Mr. Hughes, who tried to persuade the plain folk from Arimathea and Capernaum that the dollar was good. Plain folk were not set loose in the world without brains, whatever the Pharisees may fondly dream.

Clemenceau's Plea

FRENCH domestic politics may, as Mr. Charles Merz recently surmised in the New Republic, have something to do with M. Clemenceau's visit; but his major reasons for coming are simpler than that and more honorable to him. He wishes to restore the intimate association between France and the United States which existed during his premiership between December, 1917, and May, 1919. During those months France, Great Britain and the United States, as a result of acting only by unanimous consent, won a great military victory over Germany. He hopes by persuading them to resume unanimity of action to stabilize and perpetuate a political equivalent of that victory. Such is his one surviving object in life. He, more than any other single man, was the hero of the culminating phase of the Great War. He assumed power at a critical moment when the French and the British people were discouraged and hesitating. It was the invincibility of his spirit which helped to make the Allies with American assistance finally triumphant. He cannot forget those impassioned, abnormal and terrible months. His mind is still possessed by the anxieties, the aspirations, the hatreds, the loyalties and the fanaticism

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of the last years of the war. He remembers the generous and single-minded help which the French received from the American people and their momentary fellowship in prodigious exertions and grievous sacrifices. He longs to see a permanent political association born of the memory and the example of this fellowship.

The American people are welcoming him with enthusiasm. They are applauding him as they applaud only a man with something of the mystery, the fascination, the intensity and the franchise of an accredited hero. He deserves the welcome and the applause, but he should not and doubtless he will not let it deceive him. In pleading with the American people to perpetuate the political equivalent of the military victory which the Allies won in the fall of 1918, he is asking them to pay an impossible price for the friendship of France. He wishes them to renounce an immunity and a boon which is the natural result of their geographical situation, which they themselves have fought wars to establish and preserve and which is properly associated in their minds with their national independence and self-respect. By doing what he asks, they would give up the advantage which brought their forefathers to this continent. They would involve themselves in the quarrels and animosities which are the inevitable result of the nationalist separatism and the power alliances of the European international tradition. They would imperil the freedom to subordinate foreign to domestic politics which is so essential to democratic government, which they gained when they federalized their own commonwealth, which they re-enforced when they fought Great Britain and almost fought France for trying during the Napoleonic wars to use the young American nation as the accomplice of European strife and which they confirmed when they resisted the attempt of the South to establish on American soil a separate nation whose security would demand the support of a European military ally. It is too much to ask and there is no chance of an affirmative answer.

The American people have incurred no moral obligation to perpetuate by any measure of political cooperation their military associations of 1917 and 1918. They entered the war nominally to protect the neutral maritime highways, upon whose security their national existence depends, from being outraged by the submarine, but the nominal reason was only part of the real reason. The submarine offensive threatened to bring victory to the German army, and an instinct warned them that it was worth while for them to fight, if necessary, in order to prevent such an outcome of the war. But their willingness to fight rather than consent to the victory of the German army never implied the disposition on their part to involve their own government in the struggles for preponderance of power and the factious conspiratorial alliances which poison the well-spring of European politics.

During the fighting the diplomacy of President Wilson kept this divergence of political outlook between the United States and its European associates carefully submerged. He assumed that he and his country would in the event of victory be able to persuade the European nations to abandon their struggle for preponderance in power and to move in the direction of a federal concert. But after the victory was won, France would not be persuaded. She had not promised to make any concessions to American political ideals in return for American military assistance. Under the leadership of M. Clemenceau she insisted upon using the victory gained with American assistance for her own benefit as a European military power. Her statesmen framed a Treaty of Peace which perpetuated in European politics a struggle of competing nations for preponderant power, and in this struggle the American nation could not participate without renouncing cherished immunities and ideals. In spite, consequently, of Mr. Wilson's own partial conversion by M. Clemenceau to the French point of view, the American nation, dismayed by the prospect, retired from Europe. The difference in political outlook, which the common fanaticism, the fellowship in arms and the pretences of the Wilson diplomacy prevented from coming to the surface during the war re-asserted its authority. It creates a fundamental issue, which only the verdict of the actual results of the revival of factious nationalism in Europe can adjudicate. Much as the American people admire M. Clemenceau, he will not and should not persuade them to join France in sustaining this reign of force on the European continent which the Treaty of Versailles takes over from the past, intensifies and perpetuates.

Many Americans who favor a revival of the entente among France, Great Britain and the United States support it under the mistaken idea that American influence would be sufficient to relieve the apprehension and ameliorate the animosity which the French feel towards the Germans. But this expectation is merely a new version of the illusion which did so much to injure Mr. Wilson's war diplomacy. The French have never consented to give up anything injurious to European appeasement in return for American aid. They need and desire American cooperation, not in order to remove the obstacles to a reconciliation with

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Germany but to render a reconciliation unnecessary. An almost irresistible argument could be framed in favor of a defensive alliance among France, Great Britain and the United States, provided France would agree drastically to reduce the indemnity, evacuate the Rhineland, surrender her "sanctions" under the Treaty and cut down her military expenditure, but there is no evidence that, if the United States proposed such a bargain, the France of M. Clemenceau would not reject it with scorn.

In 1919 French statesmen could have adopted with respect to Germany one of two courses. They could have used the Allied victory to create a European order to which a chastened Germany would eventually have no just reason not to be reconciled or they could have created a European order which could not endure without the permanent subordination, humiliation and opposition of the German nation. They preferred the second alternative and they have hitherto remained true to this preference. They made it impossible for any upright German citizen to recognize the Treaty of Peace as the foundation of European order and preserve his own self-respect. If they continue to press the cup of humiliation to German lips, they are bound ultimately to destroy Germany as a nation and incidentally to bring about the economic and moral ruin of Central Europe. They have not as yet afforded their friends in this country the slightest ground for believing that they will abandon their existing policy towards Germany voluntarily. The Treaty expresses the French conception of their military victory and they wish for the American alliance chiefly in order to protect it.

But if the French will not abandon or revise the Treaty voluntarily, there remains only one way of inducing them to give it up. They must be taught to understand the fatal penalties of their handiwork. They must demonstrate to themselves the disastrous consequences of their behavior. The lesson is bound to be salutary. These consequences will in the end be no less disastrous to France than to the rest of Europe. They will taste some of the poison which they are forcing on Germany. French opinion is beginning already to hesitate. When the French conscience realizes what the consequences to France of annihilating the self-respect of a neighboring people are, it will shudder and refrain. But until the French conscience does see the light and obtain expression, the course for the American nation to pursue is to treat France to the isolation which she is trying permanently to fasten on Germany.

Given the existing French state of mind, the French people will not pay the price which they will have to pay for the appeasement of Europe except under coercion, and considering their sufferings and wrongs during the war the only coercion which a former associate can exercise upon them is to remain aloof while they continue to saw off the branch of the tree upon which they are sitting. They are now beginning a series of attempts to escape from the impossible predicament in which they are involved by the consequences of their policy. M. Clemenceau's plea for American political support is one of these attempts. If they can only obtain the political assistance of the United States, French statesmen may at least for a longer while avoid the necessity of conciliating Germany. On the other hand, if they finally decide, as they must, to conciliate Germany, they would not have as much need of the assistance of the United States. They would need it less, but precisely because they would need it less, they would deserve it the more and would be far more likely to get it. The United States would have no reason to remain aloof from a Europe which was by way of being appeased and federated; but it has a sound reason for remaining aloof as long as nations which claim active American support, practice and advocate a policy of extreme national egotism.

Soft Money and Progressivism

IT might be supposed that with all Europe floundering and choking in a flood of soft money, Americans would be agreed that the way of salvation does not lie through inflation. They are not. There is a great deal of soft money sentiment stirring. The farmers are not yet over their resentment at what seemed to them the deflationist policies of the Federal Reserve system. Hosts of them think that the prevailing low prices of agricultural products are due to restrictions upon the currency imposed in the interest of high finance. As yet, to be sure, no soft money program has crystallized. But the materials of such a program are lying about, for the use of any political leader who may seek a whirlwind success. And that, we think, is a serious menace. It is not, as we see it, a menace to the interests against which it is ostensibly directed: high finance, big business and speculation. It is on the contrary a menace to the new party movement, and in the end, to the American democracy itself.

The case is one that nobody needs to speculate about. It has been completely illuminated by our history. Twice in the memory of men still living the soft money parasite has fastened itself upon a vigorous democratic movement. And in each case the parasite killed its host. We refer to the

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Greenback movement of the seventies and the Free Silver movement of the nineties.

In the seventies the profiteers of the Civil War and Reconstruction period were consolidating their fortunes by aid of war tariffs and a network of railway discriminations. That was the germinal period of the Standard Oil Company, Carnegie Steel, the packing and milling companies, the great railway speculations. Private fortunes were multiplying, while unrestricted immigration kept labor flat and falling agricultural prices drove the farmers to despair. Naturally the oppressed groups turned to politics, with a vast sheaf of demands out of which a consistent, far-reaching democratic program might have evolved. No such program, however, was worked out. The idea that the root of economic evil lay in the price structure thrust all other ideas into the background. Give us more money, and prices will rise and all will be well; such was the dream of the disinherited. The Greenback fever spread with astonishing rapidity. In 1878 a million votes were cast for the Greenbackers, and fourteen congressmen were elected. But within five years the zeal for soft money was dead, and with it the democratic movement. The captains of industry could proceed with their plans unmolested. From that time it was settled that America should be a land of millionaires and wage slaves.

Again in the nineties privilege moved forward toward a new position. It was no longer content with the individualistic building of private fortunes. It required the security of regulated competition, or better, monopoly. This was the germinal period of the great combinations. In industry, in transportation, in finance the more successful concerns began to draw together and to impose discipline on the weaker ones. Periods of cut-throat competition were followed by periods of "stable prices" from which the outsider could infer combinations in restraint of trade. The workers, as organized in the Knights of Labor, had found themselves outmatched by the capitalists in the industrial field and were favorably disposed toward political action. The farmers were again driven to despair by the discriminations they encountered on the railways and in the markets, by a wretched credit system, by the low prices of the products they had to sell and the high prices of the goods they required. A wave of democratic unrest spread throughout the country, bearing its burden of demands: income taxation, railway regulation, cooperation, labor protection. But before these could be wrought out into a consistent program the free silver issue mushroomed out to cast everything else into the shade. On that issue the democratic movement was beaten and dispersed. The trust organizers proceeded peacefully with their work, under McKinley prosperity. That work has never been undone. Since the democratic defeat of the nineties we have adjusted all our economic life to the great impersonal corporate forces and should hardly know how to get on without them.

Like the seventies and the nineties of the last century, the present appears to be the germinal period of a forward movement of privilege. It is still too early to determine exactly what this movement will bring if it succeeds. But there are a great many indications that, as the captain of industry was the central figure in the seventies, the trust organizer in the nineties, so the great banker is the central figure today. More and more, the bankers are inclined to take part in determining the policy of industrial and transportation companies. A banker who is interested in a number of companies does not wish them to fall into discord. Recently it was rumored that the bankers were putting a brake on excessive competition in the automobile industry. It was also rumored that the stubbornness of the railway companies in their quarrel with the shopmen was the result of the bankers' orders. We do not know whether these particular rumors were well founded or not. But they indicate a process that is actually going on, and is bound to go on, simply because it is good business. And when it has worked its way through, the democracy will find that it has to face a much more potent form of privilege than that represented either by the captain of industry or the trust.

Nor is the democracy asleep. It is conscious that the net of privileged control is tightening. A political movement is stirring, with its group of demands not yet wrought out into a program. Will the program be wrought out, or must we again see the realities of the movement thrust aside by a soft money delusion? So surely as that happens a democratic movement fails, and privilege has its own way. For the price situation that produces the soft money movement never holds long enough for that movement to gain political power. Wheat will be two dollars a bushel before any soft money advocate comes within measurable distance of the White House. And with wheat at two dollars any democratic movement compromised with soft money will collapse.

In the seventies, in the nineties and in the present crisis the farmers had and have real grievances. Falling prices have hit the farmers harder than any other class, chiefly because our economic system has not developed credit institutions adapted as well to the farmers' needs as to those of trade and industry. The federal farm loan system has im-

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proved the situation, but nobody supposes that it represents more than an auspicious beginning. It is very far from being true that every farmer who has good security to order can obtain the credit he requires for his productive operations. And so long as they can not obtain credit on fair terms, the farmers will be exposed to epidemics of foreclosures and liquidation. Inevitably they will conclude that the source of the evil is scarcity of money.

First of all, then, the national democratic movement needs a sound and adequate program of agricultural finance. Perhaps the progressive political leaders are not financial experts, capable of working out such a program. Neither are they engineers, capable of working out a program of internal improvements. But there are numerous financial and engineering experts whose services are to be had, if the political leaders want them. The political leaders of the national democracy are practical men who know that working programs do not spring full formed out of anybody's head. They must be put together, laboriously, plank by plank, by many hands. And it is time that the work should get under way. For if it is not completed when the political crisis comes upon us, the national democratic movement will blow up in a great cloud of soft money smoke, and privilege will be granted additional decades to consolidate its gains.

The Opportunity of British Labor

THE substantial majority in the House of Commons which the Conservative party has just obtained, important and unexpected as it is, is not the event of outstanding importance with respect to the recent general election. More significant for the future of British politics are the virtual failure of Mr. Lloyd George to secure sufficient popular support in forming an adjustable centre group which would hold the balance of power between the right and the left, and the emergence of the Labor party as the leading opposition to the Conservatives and as the second most powerful group in British politics. The Conservative ministry, in spite of a majority of eighty in the House, will not possess the essentials of a strong and enduring government. It represents a minority of only about thirty-five percent of the voters at the recent election. Its victory is traceable not so much to its own merits as to a compulsion of circumstances which, like the compulsion which elected Mr. Harding, will vanish soon after the new government begins to exercise power.

The victory of the Conservatives was the only method which the British electorate could use in order to emancipate British politics from the pretences and the falsifications of coalitionism. It was needed to prove the impossibility of wholesomely mediating between the parties of the left and the right by maintaining a centre party which was supposed to represent in some peculiar way the national interest. Mr. Lloyd George and the coalition Liberals were ground into insignificance between the sharper and the more compelling loyalties and antagonisms of two extremes. Mr. Lloyd George himself was obliged to consider the future possibility of cooperating both with the Unionists and the Liberals. This obligation fatally crippled his campaign. He was pulled in two directions and did not dare to let himself go in either.

His obligations to his former Unionist colleagues were overpowering and inescapable. All the most powerful Unionist leaders sacrificed place and power out of loyalty to him. They refused seats in the Bonar Law ministry. They declared for continued cooperation with the coalition Liberals. But at the same time they camped themselves firmly in the Unionist party and declined to be driven out. How could Lloyd George maintain his association with them while at the same time building a new line of communication with the Independent Liberals? It was all very well for Sir Alfred Mond to wire to Swansea that "Lloyd George is coming out as a Liberal and so am I." Lloyd George had to come out as a Liberal, indeed, but as a Liberal bound by all the ties of loyalty and of agreement in principle to his late Unionist colleagues. Inquisitive friends began to ask where the Centre party would be after the election. Would Mr. Austen Chamberlain and his faithful band maintain their independence, or would they drift towards the Liberals (of which there is not a shadow of a sign) or would they gravitate towards the powerful magnetic force exerted by the historic Tory party? And where would Mr. George be? Jettisoned by the Die-hards (who made no bones about being glad that they were rid of him), would he also be left high and dry by his present Tory friends or squeezed with an exiguous centre group between Tories and Liberal-Labor left? The break-up of the coalition, instead of bringing Liberal reunion and a clear cut definition of parties and of party aims, has brought such questionings as these. No wonder

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many independent Liberals were chilled. No wonder many coalition Liberals began to say bleakly that they were "let down" by Lloyd George, and that a distinct movement for Liberal union, irrespective of leadership, sprang up among the rank and file in the great cities of Leeds, Liverpool and Manchester.

The failure of Mr. Lloyd George's attempt to keep coalitionism alive was bound to result in the victory of the Conservatives. The independent Liberals were obviously too scattered and weak to obtain a majority and to form a government. For the purposes of the present election the Labor party did not propose itself as a positive alternative to the Conservatives. Its program of nationalization of mines and railways, of a capital levy and of the shifting of almost the whole burden of taxation to the higher incomes was not in any real sense an issue in the election and did not arouse any keen controversy. It put up the kind of platform and campaign which was calculated to prepare the way for victory in some future election rather than merely for the largest possible number of seats in the next Parliament. By entering into an electioneering compact with the independent Liberals, the Labor leaders might have cut down the Conservative majority to small proportions, but they would have compromised their own integrity as a party and they would thereby have ceased to be the definite and coherent alternative to Conversatism which they now are. It is an extraordinary and most encouraging fact that in spite of the uncompromising nature of their platforms and their electioneering tactics, they still managed to poll almost four votes to the Conservative five and elect almost one hundred and fifty members to the new Parliament.

The way the Labor party performs its job in the new Parliament will test its ability to offer to the British electorate a positive and responsible alternative to the present government of the empire. In the long run a united party government, such as that of Mr. Bonar Law, will exert an irresistible pressure in favor of a similarly united opposition. The question is whether the former Liberal party or the new Labor party will dominate that opposition. The answer to that question will constitute the great problem of the British democracy during the life of the coming Parliament. Some kind of combination between Liberalism and Labor must eventually take place. But it is a matter of great importance whether the ideals of the old Liberalism or those of a new social order, based on a redistribution of wealth and economic power, will supply the moral and intellectual impulse of the combination.

The outcome of the competition will depend in part upon the amount and kind of resistance which the legislative and administrative behavior of the new government will provoke. At present it looks as if the Conservatives would not be offensively conservative, but you never can tell. The Conservative leaders will find themselves in a difficult position. If they do not dare to be aggressively conservative, they seem to lack any sufficient reason for continued existence. The moneyed and manufacturing classes will press them hard to reduce direct taxation. In spite of Mr. Law's protestations to the contrary, they may not be able to resist the temptation to raise revenue by a tariff on imports. Much more serious, however, is the probability that the government will repeal the Parliament Act and establish a Second Chamber—the House of Lords in a modified form—as a permanent barrier against the iconoclasm of a future coming Labor government. There will be nothing to prevent such an attempt. Mr. Bonar Law has left himself a clean slate. Secure in office, with a sufficient majority, he can write on it what he will. Why abstain from writing the words which will secure the "classes" against any attack which the "masses" can make upon their privileges and property—short of revolution? Such an attempt, if it occurs, would give Labor an immense advantage in its competition with Liberalism. It would raise the issue between conservatism and progressivism in such a form that all British voters, who believed in democracy and in constitutional government as government by popular consent, could scarcely avoid joining with Labor in resisting such a crystallization of the rule of a privileged class.

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A Future for the Tests

VI.

HOW does it happen that men of science can presume to dogmatize about the mental qualities of the germplasm when their own observations begin at four years of age? Yet this is what the chief intelligence testers, led by Professor Terman, are doing. Without offering any data on all that occurs between conception and the age of kindergarten, they announce on the basis of what they have got out of a few thousand questionnaires that they are measuring the hereditary mental endowment of human beings. Obviously this is not a conclusion obtained by research. It is a conclusion planted by the will to believe. It is, I think, for the most part unconsciously planted. The scoring of the tests itself favors an uncritical belief that intelligence is a fixed quantity in the germplasm and that, no matter what the environment, only a predetermined increment of intelligence can develop from year to year. For the result of a test is not stated in terms of intelligence, but as a percentage of the average for that age level. These percentages remain more or less constant. Therefore, if a child shows an IQ of 102, it is easy to argue that he was born with an IQ of 102.

There is here, I am convinced, a purely statistical illusion, which breaks down when we remembering what IQ means. A child's IQ is his percentage of passes in the test which the average child of a large group of his own age has passed. The IQ measures his place in respect to the average at any year. But it does not show the rate of his growth from year to year. In fact it tends rather to conceal the fact that the creative opportunities in education are greatest in early childhood. It conceals the fact, which is of such far-reaching importance, that because the capacity to form intellectual habits decreases as the child matures, the earliest education has a cumulative effect on the child's future. All this the static percentages of the IQ iron out. They are meant to iron it out. It is the boast of the inventors of the IQ that "the distribution of intelligence maintains a certain constancy from five to thirteen or fourteen years of age, *when the degree of intelligence is expressed in terms of the intelligence quotient.*" * The intention is to eliminate the factor of uneven and cumulative growth, so that there shall be always a constant measure by which to classify children in class rooms.

* Revision, p. 50.

This, as I have pointed out, may be useful in school administration, but it can turn out to be very misleading for an unwary theorist. If instead of saying that Johnny gained thirty pounds one year, twenty-five the next and twenty the third, you said that measured by the average gain for children of his age, Johnny's weight quotients were 101, 102, 101, you might, unless you were careful, begin to think that Johnny's germplasm weighed as much as he does today. And if you dodged that mistake, you might nevertheless come to think that since Johnny classified year after year in the same position, Johnny's diet had no influence on his weight.

The effect of the intelligence quotient on a tester's mind may be to make it *seem* as if intelligence were constant, whereas it is only the statistical position in large groups which is constant. This illusion of constancy has, I believe, helped seriously to prevent men like Terman from appreciating the variability of early childhood. Because in the mass the percentages remain fixed, they tend to forget how in each individual case there were offered creative opportunities which the parents and nurse girls improved or missed or bungled. The whole more or less blind drama of childhood, where the habits of intelligence are formed, is concealed in the mental test. The testers themselves become callous to it. What their footrule does not measure soon ceases to exist for them, and so they discuss heredity in school children before they have studied the education of infants.

But of course no student of human motives will believe that this revival of predestination is due to a purely statistical illusion. He will say with Nietzsche that "every impulse is imperious, and, as *such*, attempts to philosophize." And so behind the will to believe he will expect to find some manifestation of the will to power. He will not have to read far in the literature of mental testing to discover it. He will soon see that the intelligence test is being sold to the public on the basis of the claim that it is a device which will measure pure intelligence, whatever that may be, as distinguished from knowledge and acquired skill.

This advertisement is impressive. If it were true, the emotional and the worldly satisfactions in store for the intelligence tester would be very great. If he were really measuring intelligence, and if intelligence were a fixed hereditary quantity, it would be for him to say not only where to place each child in school, but also which children should go to high school, which to college, which into the professions, which into the manual trades and com-

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mon labor. If the tester could make good his claim, he would soon occupy a position of power which no intellectual has held since the collapse of theocracy. The vista is enchanting, and even a little of the vista is intoxicating enough. If only it could be proved, or at least believed, that intelligence is fixed by heredity, and that the tester can measure it, what a future to dream about! The unconscious temptation is too strong for the ordinary critical defences of the scientific methods. With the help of a subtle statistical illusion, intricate logical fallacies and a few smuggled obiter dicta, self-deception as the preliminary to public deception is almost automatic.

The claim that we have learned how to *measure hereditary intelligence* has no scientific foundation. We cannot measure intelligence when we have never defined it, and we cannot speak of its hereditary basis after it has been indistinguishably fused with a thousand educational and environmental influences from the time of conception to the school age. The claim that Mr. Terman or anyone else is measuring hereditary intelligence has no more scientific foundation than a hundred other fads, vitamins and glands and amateur psychoanalysis and correspondence courses in will power, and it will pass with them into that limbo where phrenology and palmistry and characterology and the other Babu sciences are to be found. In all of these there was some admixture of primitive truth which the conscientious scientist retains long after the wave of popular credulity has spent itself.

So, I believe, it will be with mental testing. Gradually under the impact of criticism the claim will be abandoned that a device has been invented for measuring native intelligence. Suddenly it will dawn upon the testers that this is just another form of examination, differing in degree rather than in kind from Mr. Edison's questionnaire or a college entrance examination. It may be a better form of examination than these, but it is the same sort of thing. It tests, as they do, an unanalyzed mixture of native capacity, acquired habits and stored-up knowledge, and no tester knows at any moment which factor he is testing. He is testing the complex result of a long and unknown history, and the assumption that his questions and his puzzles can in fifty minutes isolate abstract intelligence is, therefore, vanity. The ability of a twelve-year-old child to define pity or justice and to say what lesson the story of the fox and crow "teaches" may be a measure of his total education, but it is no measure of the value or capacity of his germplasm.

Once the pretensions of this new science are thoroughly defeated by the realization that these are not "intelligence tests" at all nor "measurements of intelligence," but simply a somewhat more abstract kind of examination, their real usefulness can be established and developed. As examinations they can be adapted to the purposes in view, whether it be to indicate the feeble-minded for segregation, or to classify children in school, or to select recruits from the army for officers' training camps, or to pick bank clerks. Once the notion is abandoned that the tests reveal pure intelligence, specific tests for specific purposes can be worked out.

A general measure of intelligence valid for all people everywhere at all times may be an interesting toy for the psychologist in his laboratory. But just because the tests are so general, just because they are made so abstract in the vain effort to discount training and knowledge, the tests are by that much less useful for the practical needs of school administration and industry. Instead, therefore, of trying to find a test which will with equal success discover artillery officers, Methodist ministers, and branch managers for the rubber business, the psychologists would far better work out special and specific examinations for artillery officers, divinity school candidates and branch managers in the rubber business. On that line they may ultimately make a serious contribution to a civilization which is constantly searching for more successful ways of classifying people for specialized jobs. And in the meantime the psychologists will save themselves from the reproach of having opened up a new chance for quackery in a field where quacks breed like rabbits, and they will save themselves from the humiliation of having furnished doped evidence to the exponents of the New Snobbery.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

A Postscript

This discussion has already provoked a lengthy correspondence which suggests the advisability of summarizing at this point the conclusions arrived at in the series of articles. The argument which I am prepared to defend is as follows:

1. The statement that the intelligence of the American nation has been measured by the army intelligence tests has no foundation. Generalizations, like those of Mr. Lothrop Stoddard, that "the average mental age of Americans is only about fourteen" are in the strictest sense of the word nonsense.

2. There is reason to hope that for the purpose of more homogeneous classification of school children the intelligence tests may be of some practical benefit if administered with scepticism and sympathy.

3. This benefit is in great danger of being offset by dangerous abuse if the claims of the intelligence testers are not purged of certain fundamental assumptions.

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4. The most important of these fundamental assumptions are:

(a) that the intelligence test measures "intelligence,"

(b) that "intelligence" is fixed by heredity, and that the intelligence test reveals and measures hereditary intelligence.

5. The attempt to construct a universal test of native intelligence on these assumptions may be an interesting theoretical experiment, but the claim that such a test exists, or is likely soon to exist, is scientifically unsound, is designed to lead to social injustice and to grave injury to those who are arbitrarily classified as predestined inferiors or superiors.

6. The claim that a universal test of native intelligence exists is not only unfounded and harmful, but it is also stultifying to the practical development of the tests themselves. Instead of aiming at a universal test of hereditary intelligence, psychological research should be directed towards the development of a multitude of specific tests for the use of administrators, industrial, scholastic or military, as the case may be, who have to deal with the practical problem of selecting and classifying groups of people. The aim should be to test, not the capacity of the germplasm of John Smith, for that cannot by any knowledge we possess be distinguished from his training, but the specific fitness of John Smith at this moment to do the work of the eighth grade, to run a freight locomotive or to sell medium priced automobiles. For tasks of modern life are much too varied to be measured by a single and universal test. One series of tests for intelligence is as meaningless as would be the attempt to measure time, space, weight, speed, color, shape, beauty, justice, faith, hope and charity, with a footrule, a pound scale and a speedometer.

W. L.

Children of Darkness

(*in their generation wiser than the Children of Light*)

We spurred our parents to the kiss
Though doubtfully they shrank from this—
Day had no courage to review
What lusty dark alone might do—
Then were we joined from their caress
In heat of midnight, one from two.

This night-seed knew no discontent,
In certitude his changings went;
Though there were veils about his face,
With forethought, even in that pent place,
Down towards the light his way he bent
To kingdoms of more ample space.

Was day prime error, that regret
For darkness roars unstifled yet?
That in this freedom, by faith won,
Only acts of doubt are done?
That unveiled eyes with tears are wet,
They loathe to gaze upon the sun?

ROBERT GRAVES.

The Death of the Pueblos

NOTHING less than death from poverty, starvation and disintegration will be the fate of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico if the Bursum bill, which passed the Senate in September, should become law. This bill ostensibly is a measure to settle the disputed titles of non-Indian claimants to Indian patented lands. In reality it is a new and sweeping encroachment on these lands, since it takes as final proof of boundaries the so-called Joy survey made in 1914-16. This survey showed every small cabin, ranch or field within the Indian boundaries, giving to each claim such dimensions as the claimant chose verbally to define. It was essentially a map and nothing more; it involved no investigation into the validity of the claims, but was a preliminary step toward such investigation. On the face of each of the hundreds of blueprints is written that this was merely "a depicting of present conditions" and that it was never to be used in any way as proof of title. Now the Bursum bill proposes to make this Joy survey into "prima facie evidence" of the extent of holdings. Supplementary to this, the United States court is ordered to accept and make competent "secondary evidence" in proof of title. The court is not *allowed* but *ordered* to accept this type of evidence, which opens the door to miscellaneous perjury.

Another curious and sinister reversal of past policies contained in the Bursum bill is the proposal to take the settlement of all internal Pueblo affairs into the federal courts, furnishing each discontented individual with free legal services even though he wishes to carry his grudge against the tribal authority to the Supreme Court of the United States. The United States government since 1830 has maintained a Bureau of Indian Affairs for the express purpose of handling the delicate psychological, industrial and governmental problems of the American Indians. It has very justly been thought necessary that trained officials versed in Indian psychology and traditions should handle these problems. Fourteen million dollars a year are appropriated by Congress for the work of this Bureau. And now from a clear sky, apparently with no thought of its own self-confessed failure, the Indian Bureau, as quoted by Secretary Fall and Senator Bursum, endorses a bill which in this most vital respect removes its own reason for existence. Apart from the inconsistency here involved, the tragedy for the Pueblo Indians is very great. It means an end to the internal harmony of the tribal life. It has been the effort of three centuries of wise Spanish, Mexican and American

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rule to preserve this remarkable self-government which prevails in every one of the Pueblos. Today each Pueblo governor treasures the silver-topped cane presented by Abraham Lincoln in token of the final and complete ratification of the Pueblo land grants and of their right to self-government. And now, with a complete reversal of policy, it is proposed to throw this system of self-government to the winds—to make an American law court the instrument of the division and destruction of Pueblo life. Though the Indian Bureau is silent on this provision of the Bursum bill, the Indians are not silent, and every Pueblo has registered unanimous protest against it.

Who framed the Bursum bill? And how has it won the support of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, hookwinked or under duress one must believe? And why has the Indian Rights Association, for forty years a defender of the Indians, remained silent on this issue? The bill was introduced by Senator Bursum of New Mexico, who even stated that the Indians wanted it. Secretary Fall stated in writing to the Senate Committee that it was an administration measure. The bill was drawn by two New Mexico lawyers, A. B. Renehan and Ralph Twitchell, of Santa Fé. Mr. Renehan represents his Mexican and American clients, claimants of Indian lands, some with more and some with less valid titles and the majority with no titles at all. Mr. Twitchell holds an appointment under Secretary Fall as Special United States Attorney for the Indians, at a salary of eight thousand four hundred dollars a year. In this capacity Mr. Twitchell prepared a brief, published last March, in which he stated that if suits instituted by his predecessors were pushed through the courts, they would result in a restitution to the Indians of the lands currently and anciently owned by them. But the Bursum bill, of which subsequently he appeared as co-author, outlaws all these suits and makes redress to the Indians for any infringement of land or water rights irrevocably impossible!

For instance, the Tesuque Indians, ten miles from Santa Fé are practically starving as the result of the misappropriation of their waters by Mexicans and Americans living in the Tesuque Valley. They have protested to the Bureau of Indian Affairs, with no result, over a period of fifteen years. This year, due to an unusual drought their ditches are so dry that they have not raised enough sustenance for a single family. The Superintendent of the Northern Pueblos has applied for government rations for them. Comes the Bursum bill and says in effect that the Pueblos shall have as much water as they are putting on cultivated fields at the present moment, and no more. What then becomes of the Tesuque Pueblo, whose case represents that of at least five others? Technically what the bill does is to withdraw government protection for the Indian waters in excess of the quantity being delivered to fields irrigated and cultivated at the present moment; for additional water the Indians are directed to apply to the local courts, of which Mr. Twitchell, prior to his sponsoring of the Bursum bill, had this to say: "Our local courts have yet to show, in my judgment, where an Indian has ever received a square deal."

But even the above did not satisfy the sponsors of the Bursum bill. In Section 8, the federal court for New Mexico is required to approve non-Indian claims based upon adverse possession without color of title—which means possession without even a shadow of right as the basis for the original entry upon the lands—and to decree such lands to non-Indian claimants where they can show that they had such possession for a period running back to 1900. Under the Sandoval decision, the Indians would have a defence against the assertion of such adverse claims for the reason that, as wards of the government and still in a condition of tutelage, the statute of limitations could not run against them. That defence is made unavailable by the provisions of the bill. In the same section persons claiming valid Spanish or Mexican grants or a patent from the United States for lands lying within the boundaries of Indian lands can present them to the federal court and thereupon such non-Indian claimants "shall be entitled to a decree in their favor respectively for the whole of the lands so claimed." This closes the door upon the Indians in so far as any defence is concerned—which in most instances they would have on the ground that their grants are prior in time, in continuity of occupation and possession and in recognition by the government of the United States—and opens the door wide for unlimited graft based upon old claims long since forgotten, which would be unearthed and exploited under this provision. No more dreadful example than this has ever been offered of the failure of the Bureau of Indian Affairs to protect the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico from the devastating aggressiveness of the white settlers. The endorsement by the Bureau of this provision warrants its arraignment before public opinion in this country and a conviction for betrayal of its trust.

A large number of trespasses on Indian land have been established more recently than twenty-two years ago; they are being multiplied at the time of this writing when voters have been assured the Bursum bill will become law. All these trespasses likewise are confirmed by the Bursum bill.

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The trespasser must pay for them, but the money will go into the United States Treasury and the Indians have no option; Secretary Fall or his successor in office can authorize the compulsory purchase of these seized Indian lands at will.

A word is perhaps necessary about the two forms of Indian land holdings in the United States. All holdings save the Pueblo holdings are called reservations. These reservations are a part of the public domain, but their status is peculiar in that the Secretary of the Interior can proceed, by the method of allotment, to break them up at will. But the Pueblo holdings are land grants made to the Indians by Congress on the basis of anterior grants by Spain. The Secretary of the Interior cannot break them up at will, but must depend for such power on a new act of Congress and on the will of the American people.

What course of events has led up to the inanity and moral chaos represented by the Bursum bill? The answer is clear. The lack of policy and the neglect of duty of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and of the Department of Justice have created the present situation. First the government permitted thousands of trespasses on Pueblo land; it could have stopped them had it willed. Then, some four years ago, under an evangelical impulse, the government started proceedings to oust all holders from Indian land; it reconsidered and after a year and a half lapsed into an inactivity more complete than before. Now the government proposes through the Bursum bill to make one clean sweep, transferring all disputed lands to the non-Indians, namely, the voters, and inviting the hurried seizure of the remnants of Indian-occupied land, while at the same time disintegrating the self-governing institutions of the Pueblos.

At any time in the past, a constructive policy based on statesmanship could have settled the land-tangle and could have done substantial justice to all. The clue to the problem is water. Land without water is useless in New Mexico. The Pueblo country is irrigated in the same primitive manner that existed before the white man came to America—by ditches without storage, which depend on the stream-flow of the moment and are washed away with every river flood. The Sangue de Cristo and Jemez mountains provide abundant stream-flow. Storage of water, power development, pumpage for irrigation and drainage of water-logged lands, would so increase the arable area that there would be plenty of land for all, Indians and non-Indians alike. The waters and the land they flow over are government property in the main and the Rio Grande is an interstate river. Under the Reimbursable Act, Congress could institute the needed storage, power and drainage systems without the cost of a cent to taxpayers and to the general benefit of the populations involved. Incidentally the economic basis of the Pueblos would be guaranteed forever and the disputes over titles could be adjudicated without any human hardship. The history of Indian affairs exhibits no more complete intellectual breakdown on the part of the government than this. There is still time to adopt this constructive policy.

The Pueblo question is not a party question. It should not be allowed to become a political issue. In the interests of justice the citizens of the United States should unite against the Bursum bill. If, as alleged by Secretary Fall, it is an "administration measure," it can only cast discredit upon the administration and upon the party which sponsors it, and every fair-minded member of that party should repudiate a measure which is at once a death-blow to the Indians and a blot upon the administration and the nation. For the Bursum bill is not a local issue. It is of national significance. Here we have a race of eight thousand Pueblo Indians in our midst, and for political or private greed we propose to wipe them out. And what this loss would be to us, aesthetic, social, moral, is incalculable. The life of these Pueblo Indians is a survival of an archaic world, a beautiful living experiment and achievement in social relations. The Pueblo Indians are artists in ceremonial dances, in music, in poetry, in pottery, in weaving, in silver-work; and in the art of pure design alone their continuing and developing achievement is superb, comparable to the early Greek and Etruscan art and far surpassing the most ambitious achievements of American artists in this direction—as the American artists themselves are the first to acknowledge.

Whether or not the American people interest themselves in a situation which concerns them as greatly as it does the Indians, the Pueblo Indians are now fully awakened to the danger confronting them. Far from desiring the Bursum bill as has been stated on the floor of the Senate, they are unanimously in protest against it. At a council called by the Pueblos of Santo Domingo and Cochiti, of all the twenty Pueblos involved, one hundred and twenty delegates from these Pueblos met at Santo Domingo on November 5th to protest against the bill and to determine what measures they should take to protect their existence. Here were twenty autonomous nations, speaking five distinct root languages, confederating for the first time since the general Pueblo rebellion of 1680, when they were united against an invader who was in effect far less deadly than the crisis which now hangs over them.

ALICE CORBIN HENDERSON.

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The Fallacy of Exclusiveness

IT is a frequently voiced complaint among artists who have failed to receive the appreciation to which they consider themselves entitled, that great art is never popular. Often this complaint takes the form of what is really a consolation, by going so far as to reverse the statement completely, until it reads that popular art is never great. In that form it enjoys considerable uncritical support from a good many people of taste who cultivate the foible of having a kind of horror of anything which others like. Just now, at a period of almost complete aesthetic chaos, when so many artistic endeavorers are daring us to appreciate them whether we like them or not, this combined complaint and consolation is being made more frequently than ever.

The charge, if true, is a serious one. Most artists, when not in a mood of embittered defiance, will readily admit that recognition is an invaluable stimulus. Art is essentially a social function, implying an artist expressing himself in relation to an audience, and the theory sometimes advanced that an artist would continue to produce entirely for his own satisfaction without recognition, or the indestructible hope of eventual recognition, is psychologically altogether untenable. If the expression of the artist were really to fail in impressing anybody at all the artistic activity would soon become atrophied.

Historically, of course, great art has always found its great audience. We have no hesitation in talking about the art of a people and the significance of art as an indication of the culture of various epochs. It is generally assumed that in the past at least, art meant something, that it played a part in the life of the races that produced it, and that it enriched them spiritually and emotionally. In the historical retrospect art becomes an expression of the values of life and its universal appeal mirrors the spiritual continuity of mankind.

In asserting that this is still measurably true, that great art must continue to appeal to a wider audience than the aesthetic Robots of Mr. Clive Bell's imagination or any other clique, we have, of course, no intention of minimizing the artist's real difficulties. But these difficulties are inherent in the nature of the artist's relation to society, and by no means constitute a special grievance for him to nurse against the world. The artist has to struggle for recognition, to compete, and to have the courage of persistence. By his very nature he is an innovator and an experimenter, a bearer of new gifts, and as such he has to overcome a great deal of social inertia and a quite comprehensible lack of immediate understanding. But these are not especially imposed martyrdoms. The scientist and the religious clarifier, those two other bearers of light, have suffered more than the artist in the history of civilization. They have been burned and tortured much more frequently than he.

The specific obstacles which the artist encounters vary with the age in which he lives; there undoubtedly are times when a nation or a race is more receptive to an artistic interpretation of life than at others. The history of art is marked by periods of artistic efflorescence, of decline, and of inactivity. The pioneer of a new artistic movement coming forward in an age of artistic quiescence has to contend with more than the usual odds. He faces an accumulated inertia and must break down the prejudice of current taste which confronts him with the conventionalized formulae of the preceding artistic movement. Wordsworth and Coleridge sold only five copies of the original Bristol edition of their Lyrical Ballads, and the impressionist school of painters had a long battle with a particularly bad form of neo-classicism. Yet these artists came into their own and some of them, like Wordsworth, were considered great long after they had ceased to be so.

Sometimes again it may happen that an artist finds it difficult to gain recognition in a period of considerable artistic activity. He finds no public favor and is ridiculed and repudiated by the intrenched critics. His admirers, if he has any at all, are recruited from the younger generation, and his works become the subject of acrimonious dispute. This state of affairs, however, is again not as bad as it sounds. It points to a fact, hitherto not sufficiently appreciated in the history of art, that there is such a thing as aesthetic saturation. For there is every reason to believe that most individuals can absorb only a certain number of æsthetic impressions, just as they can assimilate only a certain number of ideas. They come to look upon new ideas as being unsound and new artistic forms as having no æsthetic value. Our taste depends so much upon what we have been accustomed to admire, and even when we cultivate our taste and make a constant critical effort to keep it as catholic as possible, few of us can forever feel at home among new aesthetic forms. Art, like life, is something that passes and leaves us.

Whistler faced exactly this situation. Ruskin, who in his day was a pioneer in aesthetic criticism and a man of generous appreciations, could not understand Whistler, and said so with the asperity of an old man and with some abuse of his position as the leading art critic of his time. It is to the credit of Whistler's vitality as an artist that he fought and worsted Ruskin both legally and in the court of artistic appeal. The incident is perhaps not as discreditable to Ruskin as it has often been made out to be, in the light of what we have just said about aesthetic saturation.

The ideal of an infinite receptivity in matters of art is untenable if only because we always tend to glorify the past and cherish the impressions which life made upon us when we were in our prime. In the end a critic's undiminished receptivity may well make us suspicious of the depth of his receptions. The spectacle of Mr. Huneker forever wrapping himself in a veil of painted words and dancing his florid interpretation of every new form of art that swam into his ken, was not always altogether edifying.

Where the obstacles to recognition are greater it may require several generations to place an artist at his true worth. This has led to the bitterest kind of reflections; the cynicism that an artist is not great until he is dead comes very easily from the lips of artists who have not yet arrived, though they might easily console themselves with the reflection that the real insignificance of many artists may also remain hidden until long after monuments have been dedicated to their memory. But no one having the slightest acquaintance with the history of art is likely to assert that a single generation is entirely competent to appraise the greatness of its art. Certainly no artist, exalted by only

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one generation and totally unappreciated by all succeeding generations, could be called great in any accepted meaning of the word. We should simply have to shrug our shoulders. What we call great art is something which accumulates greatness with the course of time, after the first individual judgments.

The cynicism about death and greatness becomes vicious only when applied by pedantic and timid critics to deny recognition to their contemporaries. But this is really a denial of the function of criticism. We cannot afford to say that a new work of art profoundly moves us and then falter in our approbation for fear that the next generation may impugn our taste. Our taste is our conviction even though it may convict us, for it is chastening to remember that poor taste may have an equally strong conviction behind it. People are fond of saying that taste admits of no dispute and yet in the long run it is precisely taste which will always be disputed. But first it must be expressed.

Thus far we have discussed only what might be called the normal difficulties of the artist. But at this point the contemporary artist may object that we have been talking about the heroic age of art, when conditions were much more favorable to the artist, and that we have ignored the peculiar difficulties of the present age of commercialism and science in which the true artist is smothered or despised. There is no longer any audience for great art and the artist must either morbidly introvert upon himself or else make concessions which degrade him. Whatever may have been the case in the past, we have today arrived at a period in the history of art when great art must and can be only for the few.

Here, of course, we face an entirely different issue. For if this is true, and if this is generally accepted by artists, then they themselves furnish the most convincing proof of the decadence of art. Such a general decadence of art, not as a temporary decline, but permanently as a form of expression, has already been foreshadowed. The spiritual confusion of the Victorian poets, who sought so pathetically to resurrect the age of heroes and keep God intact as a personality, the dabbling of dramatists in sociology, the competition of novelists with the students of abnormal psychology, the contortionism of sculpture fathered by Rodin, the increasing abstractionism of painting, all these have frequently been cited as symptoms. With the discovery of evolution and the progress of science, art, like religion, is doomed to disintegrate, and the disjecta membra of the arts are already lying all about us.

The recent contribution of analytical psychology goes still further. It points out that the artist no longer holds us in his spell because the unconscious sources of artistic inspiration are rapidly becoming a matter of common knowledge. The artist is destroying himself by becoming too conscious of the springs of his activity. He represents what is really a problem of a split personality where the creator and the theorizer are constantly at war, which leads to a relatively large suspension of the creative activity. Of course no one will seriously object to the artist's having as many theories as he wants to have provided he creates something which others can admire whether they agree with his theories or not. But when he fails to complete his creative phantasy on account of this critical interference and then adds a theoretical elaboration as if it were a part of the work of art, we are entitled to interpret his recourse to theory as an expression of the disintegration of art at its very source.

For we must insist that an artist, if he is to remain one, must appeal to us by what he does rather than by what he thinks. If he explains to us that we fail to appreciate his work because we do not accept or understand his theory, we do him a real service by ignoring him until he has something else to show. For art it after all the thing through which the artist speaks to us, the medium through which he breaks down the barrier between himself and the spectator. We are as much a given quantity as he; we are part of his problem and if he deliberately uses his art to increase this barrier between himself and society, he is merely travelling further down the anti-social path from which his art should help him to escape. The artist who constantly assumes the inadequacy of his audience is really a little naïve.

At times again the modern artist, as if exasperated, pours himself out in shallow productivity. Confused by the lack of appreciation and its reciprocal criticism, he does what comes easiest to him and confounds it with greatness. In doing this he fortifies himself with the theory that everything he does is of equal value, that it is all "expressive." This theory has long been held in high esteem among art dealers, who will sell you any trifling sketch of a Whistler or a Da Vinci at fabulous prices, as if it were all the more valuable because the artist himself probably cast it aside as worthless. Coming from the modern artist, such a theory again points to his confusion; he does not know what he is doing, and for what he knows it may all be great. This is bringing the artistic illusion to the surface with a vengeance, and indicates a dangerous decay of the self-critical faculty. Thus we have writers constantly forming magazines in which they are at liberty to print anything, no matter how bad it is, and artists arranging their own exhibitions in which to hang anything that will stick to a nail. It is perhaps hardly necessary to turn to free verse for illustrations of this tendency.

As in conclusion we return to the scarcely broached problem of a general decay of art as a valid expression of the values of life in a scientific, non-religious, non-mythopoeic, more and more analytical age, where existence yields only a residuum of happiness or unhappiness based upon real gratifications directly attained and real pains unavoidably encountered, we can only regret that the modern artist is himself fostering this process. We see him acting as both creator, spectator and judge. We find him looking upon appreciation as a right rather than an attainment. We find him sullen before criticism and hostile in the face of perhaps inevitable hesitations. He is fighting hysterically and he shows his wounds provocatively to further attack.

The modern artist seems to sense the approach of the twilight of art. He hates science with a blind hatred and mourns his beloved forms as they grow cold in his hands. But the battle is by no means lost, and there is really no escape for him from what concerns us all. For we are all involved in an attempt to revalue life and embody its meaning in new forms. If the artist will look about him a little more sympathetically he will find an audience pathetically eager to welcome him just because he is becoming rarer. But he must continue to function as an artist and seek to touch something which we still can all share. He cannot afford deliberately to isolate himself. And if he is really destined to pass, he should go down with flying colors, an artifex mirabilis to the end.

ALFRED B. KUTTNER.

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Art for the People

A BOOK of mine, called Your Hidden Powers, now being published in book form, was first published in a newspaper. That the book deals with a deep and profound subject is not important. But that a book dealing with such a subject should not only have seen the light first in a newspaper, but actually have been written for a newspaper, is important.

Three times a week a great audience, made up of all sorts of people, read the articles which made up the book, and in some way responded. I heard comments, I received letters, I had the cooperation of trained newspaper men. After some years of being a modern artist, which means a writer who has little contact with an audience, I had the experience which older artists had, artists in Greece, and Italy of the Middle Ages, though of course I had it in a modern way.

But here I must say exactly what I mean by the words "modern artist." In every age, in every land, there are a certain number of young men and women whose task it is to carry forward the great arts. In science, the same sort of men and women bring us discoveries. And just as, in science, there are also a great number who merely teach what is known or apply the knowledge in a practical way, so in art, we have a great number who, following tradition, produce competent and interesting work, but are not artists in the deeper sense. Dickens, for instance, was an artist in the deeper sense. His books, at the time they appeared, were a new discovery. Shakespeare was such an artist; so was Robert Burns; and so Edgar Allan Poe.

So when I say I was a modern artist, I mean that I produced a number of books which reveal a new tendency or discovery in poetry. And like so many of the modern artists I not only found myself practically without an audience, I even had the sense of sending my work out into the void. Was this healthy? What did I find when I published my book in a newspaper? I found this: It is the great audience which makes art sane and strong.

This being cut off from an audience has had a strange effect on many of our artists. Their work is distorted, bizarre, tangled and so one-sided that it is really sick. Why? Surely because, not having any ordinary audience, they created their art only for other artists. And this little group, soaked to saturation with art, must always have a new sensation. How shall they get it? Merely by outdoing each other in tricks. If A writes a poem each line of which begins with a small letter instead of a capital, B will write one in which the first personal pronoun is a small letter, thus: i. What is it all for? What is art for, anyway?

If it is for anything, I take it, it is for others. But what others? Every age gives the answer in its own way. There is always a natural audience. Euripides had an audience of slave-owning Athenians, people of a certain leisure and culture. His work shows it. Shakespeare had an audience dominated by a courtly and rather grand nobility, but including a "rabble" of the unlettered. His work shows it: the gorgeous poetry, the rough slapstick and horseplay.

Change of audience appeared toward the end of the eighteenth century. The great middle classes hove into view out of the commercial darkness. They could read and write; they received education; they became the dominant audience. Did art follow? As always. Poetry in the grand manner, which befits as a rule the nobility, was given up in favor of a more commonplace style in verse. And verse itself largely gave way to prose. The nobility were never interested in "things," so much as they were interested in manners and great thoughts and ideas. But the commercial classes were brought up to consider *things* of vital importance. So the novel appeared, full of details, dealing with business, with the struggles of ambition, of passion, of everyday life, and instead of princely heroes we had shopkeepers, young men looking for their fortunes, almost anybody. Balzac, Victor Hugo, Tolstoy, Thackeray, Dickens — the middle-class novelists. Dickens? Exactly. His hero is a middle-class man and all the poor are brought in in the ways in which middle-class eyes see them: caricatures, not genuine human beings.

Well, that tradition goes on, and it still produces a hardy art. Along comes Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells and a score of others. It is all right, but what? Every age has its new creative stirring. And so we find so many of our young artists dissatisfied. Which way shall they turn? There is something wrong about the middle-class novel. It no longer means a fresh act of creation, that birth of the new which is the life of art. So what do they do? They invent a newness. They scorn the middle classes, and revert to aristocratic traditions. But since it must also be new, they twist old stuff into new forms so deftly that it is hardly recognized. Still, it may be recognized. Compare some of the new tendencies in painting with Egyptian and old Chinese art, for instance. Compare our "new poetry" with the epitaphs of the Greeks, the psalms in the Bible. Or think of the time when the writer wrote in Latin so as not to be vulgar. How many of our moderns write in "Latin!" What pains they take not to be understood! A gifted and cultured man takes seven years to write a book, based, as he says himself, on the Greek legend of Odysseus, and it is so special, complex and vague as not to be understood even by so keen a man as Arnold Bennett. But it is new: he introduces words never before used in literature, but only on the walls of outhouses; and it is styled in a way which says: "I don't care if not another human being is able to read this." Is it also great? Maybe. But it all depends on what we mean by greatness in art.

What is the matter with our young men? I think it is a simple matter. There is a new audience, and our young artists are clinging forlornly to old traditions because they do not look out upon the world and see a possibility greater than any that was ever offered the artist before. Audience? Here is the Great Audience itself. Here, for instance, is America with a hundred million people, the greater number of whom, having learned to read and write, are groping for contacts with painting and music and prose, and who unknowingly demand and need art, as evidenced by the spread of the phonograph and the movies. That is the new fact, stupendous in its promise. The race itself is coming into the light of art. All the machinery is ready. Better than any great

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auditorium of Greece are our broadcasting devices—our newspapers, magazines, libraries, radio, to say nothing of the phonograph, pianola, the photographic reproduction of pictures. All the machinery is ready. Our amphitheatre is built, its acoustics are perfect, the Great Audience rises tier on tier before us. What is lacking? Only the artist is lacking.

True, something goes on on the stage. Clever men have seized the opportunity to turn out cheap shoddy. And why not? The people were meant to be fooled: don't we always unload shoddy on them? Give them the spoiled or green and unripe fruit, the cloth that tears at a touch, the shoes that have paper bottoms, the houses that fall apart. And this is what certain editors and writers call "giving the people what they want." And this is what the true artist will never do. Rather than give them "what they want," he will go sing his special music to a few trained and painfully sensitive ears.

Do they want it? What rubbish! There was a time when the nobles scorned the middle classes, and especially because the middle classes didn't appreciate art. But the time came when there was *art for the middle classes,* a new art to fit the new audience, and then we saw that the middle classes did appreciate art. But what was the point? The new art was great in so far as it was not just for the middle class but for the upper class as well. That is to say, modern art began at the top, with the nobility of position and learning, and then spread downward to include a great new class who could read and appreciate. So that the next step is not art for the "poor," the proletariat, the "workers," but art which simply deepens and broadens enough to include this new layer, and so becomes art for the whole people.

Class-art we have aplenty. A Gertrude Stein is for the intellectuals, an H. G. Wells for the upper middle classes, a Harold Bell Wright for the lower middle classes, and I presume there is some one, unknown to fame, for the workers, the proletariat. Perhaps it is Laura Jean Libbey or Bertha M. Clay. I do not know. However much one studies the problem, the doors to knowledge are closed. You see, our critics, recruited from the two higher classes, only recognize the two higher classes. They scorn the Harold Bell Wrights, and don't bring to our attention at all the writers for the "common people."

But art for all the people, is it possible? Let us look at the problem. Suppose you had in the same room a millionaire banker, a lawyer, a doctor, a carpenter, a street-car conductor, the woman president of a college, a professor of literature, a great scientist, a vaudeville actress, a seamstress, a salesgirl, a farmer, a fisherman, a coal miner, a bootblack and a ship's captain. Let's stop there, for at least we have a party representing the different kinds of occupation and culture in America. And now you say to yourself, you, the artist: "I must write a story of interest to everyone in this room. I can't write like Meredith or Henry James. Those two would be appreciated by the college president, the professor and possibly the scientist, but the rest would be shut out. I can't write like Harold Bell Wright. The lawyer, the doctor, the college people, as well as the coal miner and the bootblack couldn't go him. Neither can I write like Arnold Bennett or H. G. Wells. Where would the street-car conductor come in, the actress, the farmer, the fisherman and a few others? What is the trouble?" And you, the artist, would find that the trouble was that our art is class-art, and appeals only to one particular layer of people. How then could you write something for *all* the people?

First of all, it would have to be very simple in theme, in thought, in the words used and in the style in which the words were put together. Only thus could the greater number in the audience be included. Second it would have to be so fundamentally human in theme, in thought, in feeling and expression, that it would strike a response in the banker, professor, lawyer, scientist, as well as the rest. Is this last possible? Why not? All human beings have the same nature: our conflicts rage about the same deep problems. What is life for? Why do we suffer, and yet struggle? What is the mystery of love, and that of hate? What is the lure of sex, the temptation of ambition, the hunger for power? How do people we don't know about, live, and how do people die? What great visions hang before mankind today? What are the ways of lust, the ways of women? How do human beings meet pain, and the feeling of inferiority, and the defeats in love? What is the sting of children who leave their parents?

One could go on. Are these not universal things? Is there any human being, whether a clipper of coupons or a blacker of boots, who does not burn with these pangs and these questions? Isn't our life all fundamentally one?

Such are the themes which include all; and if these themes are set forth with depth of feeling and simplicity of expression and undeniable truth, yes, the truth of life, for only the truth will bring response from all, then we have broken through the class barriers, we have taken the last step, the step that includes the human race, and we have at last produced *art for the people.*

Is it an easy task? Hardly. Every advance in art has been painful. It took the greatest creative genius to invent the novel. It will take the same genius to create art for the people. But that is all the more reason why any young artist of mettle will leap to the task, and spend the long baffling years in search of the way. First and foremost he must get down into life. He must break up his prejudices about people and enter the inarticulate and beginning democracy around him. He must look at the great books on his shelf and say, "You were good in your time. For my time a new kind of book."

If he is a writer, he must forego some of the old pleasures, exactly as an Ibsen had to forego the pleasure of writing in poetry. Prose was the price the literary artist paid for advancing to the middle classes. And the price now? You will know the price if you write as if the audience were directly before you, and you knew at every moment you had to adapt what you said to what they needed and what, most deeply, they desired.

Such will be the new health in our art, and who can doubt its greatness? Who can doubt that with the whole race lifting into the light there will not be the greatest kind of art?

Yes, so. But what has that to do with a book on a deep subject which was published in a newspaper? It has this to do with it. No artist forsakes his art even when he writes about pins and needles or the unconscious mind. Whatever my intellect may have had to say about it, the artist in me has exulted at this chance to create something for the new audience. That is why it appeared, rightly, in a newspaper. And that is why it gave me a new insight into the art which must be, if art is to go on and democracy triumph.

JAMES OPPENHEIM.

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The "Difference" of Literature

I GATHER from reviews of my last book—especially from American reviews which are on the whole much better than English—that it is the general opinion that I am settling down. This opinion I would encourage: and so I am a little out of humor with the Chicago Evening Post (July 7, 1922) for having raised a question on which I cannot be silent, and my views on which have already got me into the hottest water culture can brew.

> [Mr. Bell's theory of "significant form"] was a good theory in one way [says my critic]. It enabled him to accept cubistic and futuristic pictures. [Incidentally, Mr. Bell never did accept the Italian futurists, and always laughed at their theories, while admitting that theories don't matter a straw one way or the other.] But it was a bad theory for this reason—literature, even lyrical poetry, can never be pure form, purged from all recognition of objects.

If, then, pure form was the essential characteristic of pure art, literature was not pure. This, in the opinion of the Chicago Evening Post, "was rather tough on us people who get more from literature than from painting." Was it? For the life of me, I can't see why.

The Post, I think, must find some special virtue in the word "pure"; for my part I grow to attach less and less importance to it as I become more and more uncertain what it means. All I am sure of is that literature is an art altogether different from the arts of painting and music, and that to appreciate it a man need not possess that peculiar sense of abstract form—"pure form," if you will—without which he can get little or nothing from the other two. I am not going to argue; I am going only to record my own experience, which will be found, I fancy, to square pretty well with that of my critics, and from it draw such inferences as no one will be likely to dispute. If a really intelligent and well-educated man—a literary journalist, a don, or a civil servant—tells me of some book, ancient or modern, that has impressed him, I am interested: I am sufficiently interested to get the book from the library and have a look at it. Were the same person to express enthusiasm for a show of modern pictures or an old master discovered in a country house, I should evince no more curiosity than good manners required, and perhaps not that. On the other hand, there are a few people, painters for the most part—people whose particular judgments are often utterly opposed to mine—to whose recommendation of a picture I pay the same attention that I pay to a recommendation by a highly intelligent and educated person of a book. Mark that here is no question of particular sympathy, no question of agreeing with the particular judgments of my counsellor or of his agreeing with mine; if Mr. Burton Rascoe, who teases me and may be intelligent, or Mr. Wyndham Lewis who reviles and is certainly not well educated, were seriously to tell me that I ought to see the work of such-and-such a painter, I should make a point of seeing it. Now, if people who are admittedly amongst the most intelligent and best educated in England—people, too, with whom I live on terms of the greatest friendliness—cannot give me a "tip" that would send me across the road, whereas people, less intelligent, and with whom I am apt to quarrel, can send me across half Europe, does it not seem to follow that there is a peculiar quality in pictures and a peculiar power of recognizing it, which from the vast majority of highly intelligent and generally discriminating people appears to be wholly absent? About any particular work it may well happen that these last—the literary and cultivated—agree with me, while the others—the picture-understanding few—differ; but, somehow, I feel that whereas my literary friends and I are not really agreeing about the same thing, the arguments of my opponents are concerned with the things I know to be essential but think that they have misjudged. I am seriously interested in what they say; and I feel that they can appreciate—in a way my literary friends cannot—what precisely it is I admire or dislike.

Let us take the matter a step further. Some one will say, "Yes, I agree; the opinion of the truly intelligent and well-educated on a book of exposition or erudition, on criticism, on a novel or even on a play, carries weight: but what about poetry?" Now, I will admit that the opinion of a cultivated bourgeois—to use the offensive term with which young people who wrote poems or painted pictures used to damn those who claimed only to appreciate—that the opinion of a cultivated bourgeois in poetry is of less weight than his opinion on history, biography, novels and the rest. All the same, if the sort of man I have in mind earnestly advised me to read a particular poem, I should read it. Surely we all agree that such people do get genuine pleasure from lyrical poetry; that poetry means a great deal to them; that it profoundly affects their lives. But were such people never to see a picture again I cannot believe that it would make to them any serious difference. No one supposes that intelligent people read the best books for hours together from a sense of duty; whereas we know that they are bored to death by forty-five minutes in a picture gallery. They do get something, they get much, from literature; from the plastic arts they get next to nothing. What is the meaning of this?

Well, we all agree that there is in literature an immense amount of stuff which is not purely aesthetic, which is cognitive and suggestive, and which an intelligent bourgeois can understand as well as anyone else. In painting, on the other hand, there is no more of this cognitive stuff than can be squeezed out of the subject; and that will rarely be enough to keep an active mind busy for five minutes. It is not surprising, therefore, that a man of good understanding but no especial sensibility should make more of one than of the other. So far we all agree; but now comes a division. Those who insist on the fundamental unity of the arts, who are positive that the essential quality in all is the same, will argue that, in fact, the cultivated bourgeois no more appreciates that essential quality in literature than in painting. In either the essence escapes him. He never penetrates to the heart of the matter, never comprehends that which makes a picture or a poem a work of art. It may be so; but if we are to assume that the essence of all the arts is the same, that literature beneath its intellectual and adventitious trappings is as "pure" as painting or music, and that whoever is insensitive to the essence of painting will be insensitive to the fundamental qualities of literature, we shall soon find ourselves forced to a conclusion as tough, at least, as that deplored by the Chicago Evening Post.

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For, often, in the matter of painting, literary artists are to my personal knowledge no more sensitive than cultivated bourgeois. About the best poet writing in England is, to my thinking, T. S. Eliot; about the best novelist, Virginia Woolf. Yet, if Mr. Eliot were to tell me that in his ancestral Boston home hangs a picture by "a painter of the Umbrian school" whom he conjectures to have been Raphael, or if Mrs. Woolf told me that a young painter had taken her to see a picture which she considered as good as any Cézanne ever painted, (neither, be it understood, is, in fact, addicted to laying down the law or even expressing an opinion on such matters) I should be no more excited than if my friend Mr. Bertrand Russell were to tell some similar story—no more excited, that is, than Mr. Russell would be if I, in an offhand way, were to announce that I had knocked the bottom out of the Einstein theory. This comparison I choose, not, as some will surmise, to raise a laugh, but for the sake of exactitude. Were I to comment on Einstein, whom I don't understand, I make no doubt my comments would be more entertaining and agreeable than those of the academic and disgruntled professors who feel that their noses have somehow been put out of joint by the new theory and say so professorially. But what I should say would be literary and semi-philosophic; something that no genuine mathematician could dream for a moment of taking seriously. Similarly, the three eminent writers I have named, though what they had to say about a picture would certainly be better worth hearing than anything that could be said by Dr. MacColl or the president of the Royal Academy, would be most unlikely so much as to touch the heart of the matter. You see I have no doubt whatever that I am more sensitive to the essential, to what I used to call the "pure," qualities of a picture than are Mr. Eliot or Mrs. Woolf: am I on that account to conclude that I am more sensitive than they to the essential quality of the art in which they excel? Even to please the Chicago Evening Post I cannot consent to make such a fool of myself.

For the mere examination of our own experience has brought us to this: first-rate literary artists are as much at sea as cultivated bourgeois when they come to talk of pictures. Are we, then, to assume that literary artists do not understand their own business, or shall we admit that their business is something entirely different from that of the painter? Between these two alternatives I unhesitatingly vote for the second. I grope back, nervously, towards my original hypothesis. Literature, I cannot help thinking, must be something very different from painting—a less pure art I should say, an art with more body in it and, I will add, an art of far more importance to the human race. I am persuaded that people can genuinely appreciate literature though they lack that strange power of reacting intensely to abstract form which is essential to a comprehension of the visual arts. And this I account for by supposing that formal significance, without which a picture is utterly worthless, is not the essential quality, is not even the most important quality, in a book. If, indeed, I rightly understand what formal beauty is, I believe that you can have good literature without it and good literary criticism without much appreciation of it. I can see no formal beauty worth speaking of in Balzac or Dickens, neither do I believe that Leslie Stephen had any great sense of it. Now a picture is quite valueless without formal beauty—the beauty of a pot, a carpet, or a building—and he who has no sense of this sort of beauty will get nothing worth having from visual art.

The fact is, subject, and the overtones emanating from it, wit, irony, pathos, drama, criticism, didacticism even—qualities which in painting count for little or nothing—do seem to be of the essence of literature; what is more, to appreciate literature, a man must be thoroughly alive to them. So, when a writer tries to confine himself to territories which he can cultivate in common with painting and music, when he reduces content and its overtones to a minimum, when he sets himself to create form which shall be abstractly beautiful, he invariably comes short of greatness: what is worse, he is apt to be a bore. The painter or musician, on the other hand, who tries to deal with a content suitable to literature, to comprehend the ideas and emotions of life and render their implications and associations, falls more often than not into vulgarity and melodrama. Of this a reasonable explanation seems to be that literature is one thing, painting and music another.*

The point of literature may be blunter than that of the visual arts; but literature has an amplitude unknown to them, and its effectiveness compared with theirs is as the effectiveness of a bombshell compared with that of a rapier—or shall I say of the climate compared with the view from a window. The visual arts mean a good deal to a few people, and count for something to a few more; literature plays an immense part in the lives of almost all intelligent men and women, of precisely those men and women who, in the long run, are the masters of life. Having made such handsome concessions, may we not invite the writers, and amateurs of writing, to conceive it possible that even they have their limitations? Will they not admit that the power of appreciating abstract form is a peculiar gift? After all, the vast majority, including the most intelligent, cannot really tell when a piano is slightly out of tune. And it seems to me possible that the appreciation of the visual arts is something as peculiar as this. Remember, every disability is said to have is compensations. Blind men are said to hear, feel, taste and smell more exquisitely than the seeing; and literary people, I dare say, possess a surer hold on the significance of life than those who have been blest, or cursed, with a peculiar feeling for the significance of formal relations.

CLIVE BELL.

* For all I know this was the conclusion to which the writer in the Chicago Evening Post came at last; the parsimonious agency sent me only the third chapter of his essay.

We Are Not Froward

We are not froward in ourselves, or strayed
From any path marked out for us to tread;
Not in compliance or revolt are made
These destinations whither we are led.
Patient and imperturbable, the true
Pilgrim has need of neither chart nor guide,
Asks at no door which turning to pursue
Where mountains meet the sky and seas are wide.

Some will go journeys, being among those
Who find in sights and cities what they lack,
While some will seek in little towns repose.
But we must all by the same road fare back
To where the Finger points, and milestones aid
No more the adventurous or the long-delayed.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

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Art, Form and Expression

THE quotation from the Chicago Evening Post with which Mr. Clive Bell begins his article is taken from a series of four editorials in the Friday Literary Review, which did not end, as he surmises, by saying that "literature is one thing, painting another"—which seemed rather too obvious for such an imposing place as the conclusion—but which, admitting they were different things, put forth Croce's view that they had one thing in common; they were, in so far as each was an art, methods of expressing man's intuitions. In short these articles were a very elementary and perhaps for that reason distorted restatement of the expressionist theory of art. This theory has, in common with Mr. Bell's theory of art as "significant form," enough features so that its holders will find a great deal in his book Art with which they will be in cordial agreement. But it seems to me that his particular notion of "significant form" as the abstract or pure forms revealed by vision when vision is free from practical motives—when, as he puts it, we see things as they are in themselves—is a mare's nest. As my original summary in the Post did Mr. Bell an injustice (see his parenthesis: I should have said "enables him to accept non-representative art") I shall try to give his theory now in as much of his own language as space will permit. To him a picture has aesthetic validity not because it portrays a beautiful object but because it portrays significant form. Arabesque or pure ornament has validity for the same reason. The majority of pictures portray natural objects or scenery simply because these are convenient approaches to pure form—the artist who tried to conjure it from the void would be trying a too difficult task. And we should not have a key to the general layout of his design. When, however, he paints a cow our aesthetic pleasure is not in the recognition of dear old Bossie, but is in the cognition of pure form, the cow's tail and horns merely serving to give us enough perspective so that we can get the lie of the land, see how the planes are arranged.

And Mr. Bell explains that we recognize pure form only by the aesthetic emotion it induces. But although he recognizes it only by a subjective emotion he is sure that it carries an objective reference: "Now to see objects as pure forms is to see them as ends in themselves. . . . What is the significance of anything as an end in itself? What is that which is left when we strip a thing of all associations. . . . What is left to provoke our emotion? What but that which the philosophers used to call 'the thing in itself' and now call 'ultimate reality'? Shall I be altogether fantastic in suggesting, what some of the profoundest thinkers have believed, that the significance of the thing in itself is the significance of reality?"

Perhaps Mr. Bell would not be fantastic in suggesting it if he did so in some more inescapable way than he has chosen. Before saying that certain forms give him such an emotional reaction that he is sure they represent ultimate reality—an idea which suggests that philosophers should be barred from university chairs if it be found that they are astigmatic or short-sighted—he should check his emotions by those of others. And it happens that other people just as sensitively endowed as Mr. Bell, perhaps, have had aesthetic emotions—pure ones, unconnected with mere literary associations—before pictures, and with the aid of experimental psychologists they have analyzed these and have come to the conclusion that the emotion is due to the picture inducing in the gazer a certain motor set, a "feeling into" the picture. This is of course the well-known Introjection or Empathy theory of Lipps and Groos, which I shall not discuss, but merely adduce as an obvious alternative to Mr. Bell's very ambitious theory, and one which he ought to have disposed of before setting up his own.

And his theory does make him more unfair to the other arts than he is willing to admit in his present article. Here he says: "The fact is, subject and the overtones emanating from it, wit, irony, pathos, drama, criticism, didacticism even—qualities which in painting count for little or nothing—do seem to be of the essence of literature. . . . So, when a writer tries to confine himself to territory which he can cultivate in common with painting and music, when he reduces content and its overtones to a minimum, when he sets himself to create form which shall be abstractly beautiful, he invariably comes short of greatness: what is worse, he is apt to be a bore."

But in his Art, Mr. Bell took a different tack. There he told us that the significance of great poetry—"its intellectual and factual content"—had very little to do with its greatness. He quoted two songs from Shakespeare, Come away . . . death, and Hark, hark, the watchdogs bark, and instead of saying that they were short of great, or boring, he said that they were, in common with Shakespeare's other songs, "the purest poetry in English" and that nevertheless they were "nursery rhymes or drawing room ditties," that the first he quoted was utterly commonplace and the second nonsense, but that, like the poetry of the second greatest poet, Milton, these songs derived their value from their formal music: "The poet expresses in verbal form an emotion but distantly related to the words set down. But it is related; it is not a purely artistic emotion. In poetry, form and its significance are not everything; the form and the content are not one."

Well, that is what comes of making "form" into an ontological bogy man. Surely no theory that makes a nonsense rhyme—as Mr. Bell calls it—like Hark, hark, the watchdogs bark, the purest poetry we have, leaving King Lear to be branded, like a food going into interstate commerce, as "Artificially colored and flavored," need be taken too seriously. It is only too evident that Mr. Bell uses the word aesthetic in a restricted and semi-mathematical sense—except when he uses it to include appreciation of cheroots and draws a scolding from Mr. Bernard Shaw. Why should one sense, the visual, be the particular vehicle of ultimate truth, with the ear for formal rhythm perhaps as a secondary witness? That the forms in a picture or a landscape do mediate a purely aesthetic emotion, I grant, but it is also a human emotion rather than a cosmic one.

And Mr. Bell is surely wrong in saying that in literature content is more than form and different from it. Even in Leslie Stephen the form and content are one—although as he is a thinker rather than an artist I do not see why he is dragged in. But when Alice Meynell puts a landscape into words, as she does at the end of her The Lady Poverty who is found not among modern men:

> But in the stony fields, where clear
> Through the thin trees the skies appear,
> In delicate, spare soil and fen,
> And slender landscape and austere.

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the aesthetic emotion is not caused by a formal music which has no connection with life, and then hindered by the fact that the words not only sing in the void but describe a landscape which has a connection with life—as Mr. Bell would have to say on his theory—but it is caused by the fact that a certain beautiful, austere sort of landscape is not only described but presented to us—as opposed to represented—by means of a rhythm and verbal music which is itself as austere as its subject. That the content is invariably moulded by the form is nicely shown by A. C. Bradley in his Oxford Lectures on Poetry. He quotes Byron's lines:

> "Bring forth the horse!" The horse was brought.
> In truth he was a noble steed.

Now we could change the form and leave the content intact by reading "steed" to begin with and "horse" in the last line. Try it and see what happens. Is the content the same?

Of course, poems and novels have form, in so far as they are aesthetic documents and not mere chronicles—which too may be interesting, even as Balzac is interesting to Mr. Bell, though his form may not be apparent to him. But it is not form in the sense of pattern, as the critic seemed to think who compared a novel of George Moore's to a symphony. And I shall devote my remaining space to giving, as opposed to Mr. Bell's theory of form, the expressionist theory of form. What I shall really do is summarize very briefly the best statement of the matter that I have so far seen, in Toward a Theory of Art by Lascelles Abercrombie. Mr. Abercrombie's aesthetic is based in part on Croce, but is developed quite independently and he does not raise the issue of idealism so acutely—to say nothing of the fact that he is easier reading than Croce. He agrees with him, however, in saying that experience enjoyed for its own sake, knowledge by intuition of the particular thing, before we start to generalize about that thing and try to bend it to practical uses, is aesthetic experience. But in life we never stay on the level of aesthetic experience: we break it up, pass judgment upon it, use it for practical ends. The artist is one who not only enjoys aesthetic experience but seeks to fix it, so that it may be enjoyed again. To do this he isolates it from all practical and contingent consideration. He wishes to get it pure and the fact that it can be put in pure form is what makes it so exciting or satisfying. For a pure experience is one in which every element hangs together.

Nothing in it is meaningless. We know that in the universe everything does hang together, that all things are mutually dependent: but we can seldom see that fact; there are too many contingencies. The artist's expression of the aesthetic experience—that is his use of any method, empirically proven, that will induce in us the emotions which were his reaction to that experience—is successful in so far as it puts over the experience and not any of the accidentals that accompanied it or that might be suggested by it. What we all wish, above all things, is for a universe that shall be all significance and no mere brute contingency. In artistic experience that is just what we get. And it is through form in the work of art that we get it. For as the aesthetic experience had to hang together to be taken in as one experience, so the work of art must have a formal unity that expresses that hanging together—that coherence:

> For it is by Form that the matter, whatever it may be, is accepted as a unity; and form is not, as we have seen, a boundary imposed on matter from without, not even a final fastening together of matter already tolerably shaped, as a tire binds the felloes of a wheel; form as the expression of ultimate unity is inherent through all the matter of a work of art, and is constantly working through every detail of expression towards its completion: artistic expression, indeed, merely has to complete itself in order to achieve its most important aspect, Form.

And Mr. Abercrombie illustrates this in the case of tragedy which, he says, yields the highest delight of any art, for here, that experience which in life would be horrifying certainly, and perhaps only that—only that if it seemed mere purposeless horror—is shown stripped of the veils which obscure its significance in life, in a manner "made acceptable and profoundly enjoyable: because in art even sorrowful matter is presented as belonging to a region of experience where nothing can be incoherent or irrelevant, where everything that happens is known to be necessary for the completion of existence. Even that which horrifies in actual life becomes in art an instance of the significance we desire of things."

And if art is, as Mr. Bell says, other than life, something free from human limitations, it is not because it is a mere transcendental geometry of pure form, as he also says, but because as Mr. Abercrombie, with robuster vision, says, it is the only realm in which things are always significant. In that, in the fact that in one activity the spirit of man can find a realm where there is no contingency, no sudden irruption of the alien, the out-of-the-picture, lies the significance of art. And to confine the aesthetic experience to the eye, to say that only in visual form is there aesthetic experience, and to say it, as Mr. Bell does, with an assurance that does not feel even called upon to take into account any other aesthetician from Aristotle to Croce—some of whom at least must have gone on as personal aesthetic experience as Mr. Bell himself—to say it in that manner is perhaps to exhibit that much discussed form of artistic vision, the sublime, or else it is to take the step beyond that.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

Two Follies

The Third Program of the Chauve-Souris. Century Roof Theatre. October 10, 1922.

The Greenwich Village Follies, devised and staged by John Murray Anderson. Shubert Theatre, November 13, 1922.

THE third program of the Chauve-Souris is smaller in range and in poetic suggestion than the first but more evenly good. It is far better than the second; and, whether one likes such a shifting or not, of the three programs it is the easiest and most secure. Without losing its tact and unity; the Chauve-Souris has learned American preferences, and without doing anything less well, has spread over the whole entertainment a more comfortable and less ardent temper. The Malbrough S'en Va-t-en Guerre, The Minuet and Katinka's Unexpected Romance are the flower of what New York—loving less perhaps, or not being so anxious to strain after, a slightly more mad and wild and Tartar thing that these Russians might also give us—has accepted as the Chauve-Souris.

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And now that we hear less of that hubbub about great art and supreme perfection and Russian soul, we can take the Chauve-Souris for what it is and for what in its integrity it never in itself pretended for a moment to go beyond. It is first of all lovable and friendly. Everything about it, the whole effect and invention, appears to happen con amore. It manages with nothing short of genius never to be vulgar or hard or professional or showy. There is no tour-de-force, nothing overpoweringly skillful or splendid, nothing beyond a certain stage of craft and of fancy. Its humor and fantasy, its costumes and settings have something of an amateur artist's, a folk gayety about them. Its very make-ups are raised to a romantic, childish pitch. The Chauve-Souris has the quality of the vade mecum. It lies comfortably and happily in a corner of the audience' heart. And its unique talent lies in carrying throughout everything an even level of mood.

From the standpoint of unity and an even level Mr. John Murray Anderson's Greenwich Village Follies starts off at a disadvantage. It has less support in a folk quality and tradition, less to fall back on, less of an old and ingrained world of living from which it can draw an enveloping unity. It has, too, the advantage and disadvantage of having to come out more in the open. Its stage is bigger; its audience vaster; everything must move toward the more lavish, numerous, rich and expensive and popular. The Follies, then, must have time, years if you like, to work out a unity and a level of its own.

At the Shubert now—just as some of the costumes have a more costly beauty—there are experts who in their special fields are far beyond anyone in the Chauve-Souris. Mr. Bert Savoy with his familiar red-haired exotic, with Mr. Brennan, that admirable and almost invisible luminary of his, and with the never-seen friend Margie whose mentality is so shocking and amusing, reaches the very top in his kind of thing. Mr. Carl Randall's feet at least, if not his head, carry dancing a long way further than any member of the Chauve-Souris can do—the Tartar dance in the first program and the Samurai in the last, for example, are delightfully set, costumed and planned, but the dancing itself is only agreeably inaccurate. Fortunello and Cirillino, doing the most difficult and uncommon feats with one single flowing rhythm of movement from their entrance to their exit, present a final perfection that the Chauve-Souris neither assumes nor implies. And Mlle. Yvonne George is such an artist as you might be surprised to find anywhere. This wonderful woman comes out and begins her song. The audience, at first puzzled by the foreignness of her aspect and tongue, is astonished, then slowly gathered up, bound to her, and given all at the same time the sense of mystery, passion and wit. Hers is one of those Latin talents that are as quiet and fatalistic as nature itself. She has a fine mask; a dramatic voice, she has magnetism and intelligence and macabre tragedy. But these high spots of expertness are vaudeville. They are not necessarily to the point at all in what might be an art of the follies.

Mr. Anderson's work must of course keep to its own kind and must not imitate save in qualities of spirit. But it is in the direction of the Chauve-Souris of friendliness, unity and idea, that the Greenwich Village Follies can progress and has progressed. The program this year compared to the last is simpler in exhibition. There is more effect of friendly and intimate approach to the audience and less of that raucous and billboard fellowship of other New York follies and revues. There is an effort at more idea in the numbers. The Old Timers, for one instance, with its chorus in their proper brown dresses, the song of the cracked-voiced theatre tenor and his colored supplement cartoons, is good American matter, seen humorously and affectionately and done to a turn. The Babes in the (A. H.) Woods with that jazzed furniture in front of which the jazz toilet is made, is very right. And all through the bill the choice of the chorus is promising. There is something about these people that is friendlier and less hard and professional; they are nearer to what you like in everyday and farther from what you find in Broadway's jaded ranks. Some of the men in the cast might have sauntered from the lounge of an agreeable, useless club; some of them could be pleasant college fellows. And what these last sing, do, say and enjoy seems pretty much identical with the taste of the average American college man. The humor, good or bad as it may be, contrives to resemble the banter of studios and tea-rooms and college houses. And the neighborly fun and background of the Village that emerges from time to time suggests at least a younger generation of sinners, more militant and free but not so hardened.

The point, however, at which the Chauve-Souris still remains miles and decades ahead of the Greenwich Village, or any of our follies so far, is in coordination. It excels not only in that general coordination of the entire performance which appears as its unity, but in the individuals themselves. Most of these American performers need more centre, more of a kind of personal unity. They need to study to get magnetism. They need to acquire for themselves in their own region what in his region gives one after another of these Russians his own beauty or droll whimsicality or style or even ferocity. Most of these American players begin by lacking the sheer physical something that makes the figure before us an absolute focus for our eyes. And what they seem to do and think, though it may be grotesque and shyly sincere and even pointed, appears to glance off them rather than—as it does in the Russians—to come from something that they themselves are. But perhaps the very life of jazz is dislocation.

Obviously the American of it comes out in the jazz. The exaggerated and discordant and good-natured soul of the follies is born of that fountain of racking and persuasive jazz melody in the orchestra. The jazz extends to that energy and haste and waste with which every episode must be swept through with; these American numbers do not calculate time limits and then pretend to be deliberate with them, as the Russian can do. The jazz shows, too, in the performance, being rather likable than lovable; there is not time or concentration for the more gentle response. And the jazz shows in the kind of gayety that arises, a gayety that is distracting and bright without suggesting what would complete it, a sense of underlying tragic intensity.

And yet these performers in our follies seem to be the only convincingly happy people on our stage. These young people dashing in and out with parodies and jibes and pretty dressing up and innocent undressing, are about their own joyous affairs. They are at home and seem to be doing what they like and what their friends like. Their voices are mostly bad and their English impossible, but so are their friends' at home and in the audience. Art can spring only out of natural, happy satisfactions of some life, light or dark, comic or tragic. And out of all this not too deep gayety and syncopation of sounds and ideas and movements, something may come. Just what, remains to be seen.

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Meantime it must all endure the discoveries of people who delight in merely speaking of Mr. Savoy as an artist or of Cirillino and Fortunello's performance as beautiful, impeccable. It must suffer from such attention as fills this very discussion of it. It may have to put up with the visitations of a new and more celestial kind of slumming. But obviously Mr. Savoy's performance is expert; and every newsboy knews, though he could never phrase it, that Cirillino and Fortunello are guys that belong. And, happily, the public can back its own kind of entertainment.

All over the country through the follies and the vaudeville houses something glows and clatters and hums that is getting more and more a quality of its own, so much is certain. This art, whatever it is, may turn out to be popular but without any depth. Or it may already be moving toward some medium that will express American life when the people at large have something they want to express. To say that this art has already arrived and taken an important shape is not yet possible, however many people there may be already who would like life on these present terms, of jazz, mental, social and musical; however many there be who with jazz are like the old woman in Rome that Byron heard of. She was reading in the Decameron: "Aye, aye!" she exclaimed, "I wish to God this were saying one's prayers!"

STARK YOUNG.

Law and Freedom of Speech

From the minority opinion of Associate Justice Carter of the Illinois State Supreme Court in the case of the People against Lloyd and other members of the Communist Labor party. The defendants were arrested by state authorities in January, 1919, and tried and convicted in the following summer. The Illinois Supreme Court has confirmed this conviction, Justice Carter dissenting.

IN Cooley's Constitutional Limitations, (6th Ed.) p. 510, in discussing the question of freedom of speech, that learned author said (page 527):

> Repression of full and free discussion is dangerous in any government resting upon the will of the people. The people cannot fail to believe that they are deprived of rights, and will be certain to become discontented when their discussion of public measures is sought to be circumscribed by the judgment of others upon their temperance or fairness. They must be left at liberty to speak with the freedom with which the magnitude of the supposed wrongs appears in their minds to demand, and if they exceed all the proper bounds of moderation the consolation must be that the evil likely to spring from the violent discussion will probably be less and its correction by public sentiment more speedy than if the terrors of the law were brought to bear to prevent the discussion.

This edition of Cooley's Constitutional Limitations was published in 1890. From a reading of the standard authorities that had been published when Cooley wrote that statement, it is obvious that under the statutes then in force this doctrine was generally held to be the law both by federal and state courts.

Under the Illinois act of 1919 it would seem that the provisions of the act were designed not so much, perhaps, to punish those who commit violent acts to overthrow the government, but rather it was drafted for the purpose of forbidding any person who held opinions distasteful to the majority of our citizens to express those opinions. . . . Prior to the World War, the American law showed very little sensitiveness to revolutionary utterances made in times of peace. The czars of Russia, for many years prior to the overthrow of their government in that country, were so fearful of the danger arising from public utterances which seemed to counsel violent measures that the officials censored and suppressed all books and periodicals containing articles of that kind; they raided houses, and seized men and their papers without process, and prosecuted the citizens for their public expression of opinions or memberships in societies opposed to the government; they deported or banished many hundreds of persons holding such views. It is manifest, from what has happened in Russia in recent years, that such extreme legislation did not prevent utterances or action against the government. No attempt was made in the wording of this law to distinguish between the utterances of objectional criticisms of the government made in a peaceable manner, and such utterances when made at such a time and place as to cause unnecessary excitement or riotous acts on the part of other citizens, or such utterances as might be immediately dangerous to public tranquility.

The law of this state, enacted in 1919, is so drastic and far-reaching in its provisions that many public utterances of the great leaders in our past history would have been punishable under its provisions. Had this law then been in force, parts of President Lincoln's first inaugural address could have been suppressed from publication. For example, when he stated therein that the institutions of this country belong to the people who inhabit it, and that "whenever they grow weary of existing government they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it." Abraham Lincoln (5th Const. Ed.), p. 264. Then, too, more than one statement of the Declaration of Independence—a document which for many years has been read at our public celebrations—could be held, under the provisions of this law, to be seditious and could be forbidden to be read publicly. The second President of this nation could have been prosecuted criminally under this law for seditious libel when he stated:

> The right of a nation to kill a tyrant in cases of necessity can no more be doubted than that to hang a robber or kill a flea. *6 Works of John Adams, edited by C. F. Adams, p. 130.*

The third President, Jefferson, would also have been punishable under its provisions when he said:

> I hold a little rebellion now and then is a good thing and as necessary in the political world as storms in the physical. *Life and Writings of Jefferson, by Foreman, pp. 296, 297.*

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Any attempt to change existing laws by force, or by advocating anything that would lead to force, would be contrary to this statute. It frequently happens that persons who are trying to change existing laws, even when they are not considered in any way the leaders of thought in this country, may advocate in the heat of argument such methods as to the change that they may lead people to think that if peaceable methods fail, force is justifiable. Even the so-called conservative supporters of existing institutions and laws have been known so to lose their patience and judgment as to suggest in public meetings that lamp posts and ropes be used, if necessary, in order to compel public officials to bring about the necessary changes in the law. This law of 1919 not only seems to be intended to prevent any acts that would attempt to change the existing laws by force, but to prevent all wild or foolish talk advocating such changes, and to suppress all public utterances, whether wise or unwise, advocating changes that may result in an attempt to bring about such changes by force. Legislative enactments or decisions of courts cannot prevent people from believing that laws should be changed.

The serious question for the proper administration of law, as argued, is not so much which system is right or which system is wrong, as what is the best and wisest way to deal with the thoughts, feelings, aspirations, prejudices and idiosyncrasies of the human mind. Is there anything that can take the place of open and free discussion in a country like ours, that is controlled by public opinion? Is it better to drive such people into the woods, the corners, and the dark places of the world, to conspire in silence and secretly? Is it not best to allow free discussion in this country of all public questions as to the necessity of changing laws or the form of government? In the words of Milton:

> And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple. Who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? *2 Milton's Prose Works (1871 Ed., Bell & Daldy), p. 96.*

The opportunity to express one's views publicly against the possible wrongdoings or the shortcomings of government frequently satisfies the average citizen, as it seems to furnish an opportunity to let off, as it were, the extra pressure arising from the alleged wrongful acts of the government to which he is opposed. It is a well-known fact that, when steam from boiling water is confined in a kettle, the kettle cover will make a good deal of noise and disturbance; but, if the cover is taken off, the steam will quickly disperse and the noise will cease. The enforcement of such a law as that of 1919 is almost sure to result in prosecuting anyone who gives utterance to language that the majority of the citizens believe to have a bad political tendency. There are always some people living in every community who think that the best way to prevent unwise or unpatriotic statements is to enact and enforce a law forbidding the expression of such utterances. It ought to be axiomatic that it is unwise to attempt to suppress by law the use of every kind of objectionable speech as to governmental affairs.

Most writers on constitutional law in this country, until very recent years, at least, have agreed with the doctrine laid down by Cooley heretofore quoted, which is laid down substantially to the same effect in his work on Police Power, by Freund (sections 476-478), as follows:

> The doctrine that crime may under given conditions become justifiable, or that it may have a tendency to arouse the public conscience, should not in itself be held to constitute a crime. It is clear that an exposition of social wrong or injustice must be allowed. Nor can the necessary liberty of agitation be said to be overstepped by appeals to sentiment rather than to reason, and if it is said that appeal to sentiment is appeal to passion, and may lead to disorder and violence, it must be answered that this was always the plea upon which political agitation was formerly suppressed. Not even the fact that an adherent of the doctrine commits a crime is conclusive that the teaching of the doctrine amounts to incitement, for the crime may as well have been induced by a morbid brooding over conditions which are the cause of social discontent. . . . The constitutional guaranty of freedom of speech and press and assembly demands the right to oppose all government, and to argue that the overthrow of government cannot be accomplished otherwise than by force. . . . It is probably true to say . . . that it is impossible to strike at anarchism as a doctrine without jeopardizing valuable constitutional rights.

The foremost leader of public sentiment in this country for many years said in his first inaugural address:

> If there be any among us who wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. *Life and Writings of Thomas Jefferson (Foreman), p. 247.*

Beyond doubt, the wording of this law is very unfortunate, and may make trouble for many patriotic citizens who may disagree with existing conditions in public affairs.

From the Northeastern Reporter, October 31, 1922.

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LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS has been a contributor of verse to the poetry journals and other periodicals for about six years.

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The New REPUBLIC

Winter Book Section

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Man the Artist

History of Art, by Elie Faure, translated by Walter Pach, illustrated. Vols. I and II. New York: Harper and Brothers. Vol. I $6.00, Vol. II $7.50.

THE history of art is the history of man's images. From the rude chiseling on the blade of a reindeer bone to the rhythmic figures of the bison on the walls of an Aurignacian cave, from the faint piping of a Tanagra figurine to the tremendous symphony of a mediaeval cathedral—all the impressions that men have given form to and preserved, and that still awaken in us a feeling of awe or dignity or sensuous delight belong to the history of art. The field is an enormous one, for the only history that a great many communities have bequeathed to us is the story of their images; and in the presence of these images we enjoy such a direct contact with the past as no written description can ever give. For both breadth and depth M. Faure's survey of man the artist is a much more impressive essay than the Outline of History or The Story of Mankind, and yet one has only to live for a fortnight in almost any mediaeval town in Europe, from Oxford to Innsbruck, to realize how for every sample of ore that M. Faure exposes there is a rich, unworked vein below the surface.

The first two volumes of M. Faure's history deal with Ancient and Mediaeval Art. The chapters fall in such a manner that the art of the Orient and the tropics, including the art of the Moslem Empire, bulks heavily in the volume on Mediaeval Art, whilst Egypt and Greece form the great part of Volume I. M. Faure's exposition aims at universality, and so in a sketchy way even Peru and Mexico are included; but its kinship with the encyclopaedic textbook ends at this point, for whereas the conventional history of art is a catalogue of incidents, methods and structural details, there is not a single architectural diagram, scarcely a single detailed explanation, in either volume. Alas! for the purely acquisitive student who desires to "place" a certain example of art or "do" a period: he will get hardly a single coin of academically minted fact from all the bullion that goes into the present volumes.

The followers of Mr. Clive Bell, who place the artist first and foremost and neglect the community out of which his art and his personality have grown, will also be a little disappointed, perhaps; again and again M. Faure turns away from his mausoleums, his Japanese prints, his Indian monoliths, to talk about the philosophy of the spirit and about the conditions of temporal change in the community. If M. Faure escapes the dusty details of the catalogue he does not affect a solitary communion with the work of art itself: for once the publisher's wrapper discloses a truth when it announces this history as a study of "the development of man as revealed by art." What M. Faure has done is re-read the history of the world. His point of departure, indeed his originality, consists in taking man's images for his documents. In short, he has written a history of men's minds, as revealed in the image.

The strength and the weakness of M. Faure's work arise out of his passion for generalizing detail. For one thing, he leaves a great deal of factual research to his reader; and the minutiae of this history are contained in the five hundred odd illustrations which quicken almost every page of these two volumes. For the rest, one must fill up the gaps out of one's own store of impressions from city streets and museums and the interiors of fine houses.

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As for the succession in which man's great images occurred, and the events which surround their creation, M. Faure provides a compendious synoptic table at the end of each volume, and upon such a finely articulated skeleton the tissue of one's observations may grow indefinitely. On these two points M. Faure scores neatly. No historian can attempt to take the place of the personal experience of art which every observer gets to the degree of his interests, his capacities and his opportunities for travel; and by frankly renouncing any such pretensions, M. Faure upsets a clumsy tradition.

But M. Faure does not merely renounce details: he subordinates the whole business of description to a series of sweeping dithyrambs in which one sees human beings not as peasants and shepherds and artisans, living from day to day and making what they can out of the earth, but as Humanity chanting a paean of ecstasy or devotion beneath the stars. M. Faure "cannot conceive a history of art otherwise than made up of a poetic transposition, not as exact, but as living as possible of the plastic poem conceived by humanity." In other words, the images of each period pass through M. Faure's mind to live again, on another plane, as literature.

Now in the periods where M. Faure is thoroughly immersed in his material, particularly I think in dealing with Egypt, with Greece, and with the French Commune, he achieves a result that is almost sublime: his pages leap with images as vivid and sharp as a mediaeval illumination, and one sweeps along upon a wave of metaphoric interpretation which crests again and again into foam without ever breaking. Out of a deep knowledge, this poetic method of interpretation carries over to the reader a sense of the forms that are being described, and gives him a real feeling of their reason for existence. Unfortunately, no single man can acquire enough knowledge and sympathetic insight to sustain this flood of emotion as it sweeps through every period, and whereas one is inspired by M. Faure's generalizations on Greece and Egypt, one is left with a distinct feeling of wariness and suspicion when he deals with civilizations that are more remote—China for instance.

I am as fully convinced as M. Faure that an art or an image cannot be understood, cannot be appreciated, cannot awaken a complete aesthetic response, unless the observer can, by an act of the imagination, restore it to its milieu and be affected by all the social undertones that contribute to its music. But a failure to understand or sympathize with a certain milieu may blind one to otherwise patent characteristics, as the men of the Renaissance were blinded, in the arrogance of their newly acquired Roman airs, to the beauties of "Gothic" art; and this danger can be overcome, I believe, only by a deliberate act of dissociation. When M. Faure believes the English cathedrals of the early Middle Age inferior to the French, and justifies his preference by asserting that "the English cathedral was principally the luxury of a certain class in society," I am tempted to quarrel with him on the grounds of both history and aesthetics. M. Faure does not understand either the English craftsman or the power that built the colleges at Oxford, or Winchester, or Canterbury, or Westminster Abbey when he says that the cathedral is "a proud homage to the emancipation of a hard and egoistic class." On matters like these I feel that M. Faure's artistic appreciation would have been deeper if his sociological foundations had not been a little shallow.

One more point. The historian of art, like the historian of political events, suffers from the very convenience of the language: he is always at liberty to cover up a vagueness or an uncertainty by the use of collective and abstract nouns—or judicious metaphors—the people, the race, the period, the nation, the spirit of the time, the march of events, the death throes of an age. Where a common writer does this in a heavy unconvincing way, M. Faure utilizes all his magnificent resources of expression: as when he speaks of the perpendicular style appearing "at the time when, among us, the flame of stone, crackling as it launched skyward, was announcing the last flicker of the exhausted life around which a fatal twilight was rapidly gathering." It is perhaps reasonable enough to transpose art into such images; but it is dangerous and unprofitable to apply this method to the whole complex of history. How can M. Faure, in speaking of the brutal industrialization of Japan, say that "Japan has yielded nothing, abandoned nothing of her soul. She has imposed upon the world her right to her life. Now she must find, in the reserves of her silence, all her passion for comprehending and all her power for expressing." When M. Faure glides over history in this fashion we have a right to ask, I think, what he means by Japan, and what he means by her soul, and what takes place when Japan finds something in the reserves of her silence. If our minds are so organized that we cannot survey the history of the world, in art or politics, without using such loose and meaningless language we had better make up our minds to stick to the annals of our parish, where we are assured, when the historian says "John killed Dick," that John was a man and Dick is dead.

I have been at pains to be a little captious and detailed in my criticism for the reason that the errors of a good book have an influence out of all proportion to its virtues: and this work of M. Elie Faure's is by all odds one of the most important and interesting books that have appeared during the last generation. It is the monument to a splendid passion and a prodigious industry which cannot help heartening and stirring every mind that comes into contact with it. As far as I can judge without the original text, Mr. Walter Pach's translation is not merely spirited but accurate: and the next two volumes should deepen, I believe, our appreciation of M. Faure's enthusiasm and scholarship.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Colonial Expansion

An Introduction to World Politics, by Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company. $4.00.

A BOOK treating exclusively of the colonial expansion of the great powers since 1815, which according to the author is the substance of world politics, was decidedly worth undertaking. In the first place, in the current political histories of American origin the colonial movement has usually been so completely subordinated to other issues that its boundaries have tended to become indistinct and its importance to be obscured. Moreover, even when the domestic movements were subjected to a process of rigorous, scientific observation, the field of foreign affairs was often, and since 1914 invariably, treated with a flabby and offensive sentimentality which acted as an impenetrable screen to truth. And finally, the usual practice of our American writers, of whom as outsiders one might have expected a strict neutrality, was to take sides in the struggle for world prizes and passionately to favor one competitor as against the other—usually, for obvious

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reasons, Great Britain. It throws a humorous light on the unbalanced state of our public opinion that the author has felt himself obliged in his preface to beg pardon of our British zealots for the even-handed justice which has been his aim in this book. Let us agree at once that Mr. Gibbons honorably employs the same weights and measures for all the participants in world politics: this is his first great merit, the merit of temper; and that, besides, he distinguishes himself by a solid method which consists in resting his determinations on the proved acts and not on the hollow professions of governments. In this way he succeeds in following a straight and intelligible line, and in the end arrives at results which have a ring of authority. Moral judgments, praise and blame, are not within his scope and occur, if at all, as an unobtrusive insertion between the lines. In general he may be said to aim at reducing the practice of the imperialist century which lies behind us to a number of simple principles and, thus occupied, he comes to the conclusion that all the great powers alike act on exactly the same stimuli, referable on analysis to the crassest selfishness and greed. His review of European expansion since 1815, which proceeds on narrowly pragmatical lines, charges the ferocious struggles culminating in the world war to the industrial movement, that is, explains it on solely economic grounds, and emphatically disposes of the war-born prejudice that it is in some definite way chargeable to Germany. In lusty action before Germany stepped on the European scene, imperialism has manifestly assumed a more envenomed form than ever since Germany was swept into the dust-bin at Versailles.

Against the profitable amplification which results from Mr. Gibbons's method must be set a serious drawback. This appears the moment he turns from his narrative of facts to a discussion of remedies. For, deftly exposing from the first page the crying evils which have culminated in the existing chaos, he fairly obliges himself to point out a way of escape from our intolerable plight. However, only at the very end does he take up this capital problem. In the concluding chapter on the Washington Conference may be found practically all that he has to offer on the reconstruction of foreign policy. And that amounts to very little, in fact so little that in a book which wishes to be accepted as, in some sort, a manual of World Politics, it creates a positive effect of triviality. Here no doubt we touch the Achilles' heel of the author's whole procedure. Desirous to remain strictly factual, he has eschewed the hard mental labor by virtue of which the colonial activity of the European powers would appear as part, a logical and inevitable part, of the whole development of modern life since the Renaissance. For this reason the few casual suggestions at the close, by which a vast and complicated movement is to be brought to a halt, look like an attempt to stop a run-away locomotive with a handful of tossed dust. They are—what the rest of the book it not—a purely sentimental contribution; in fact, they are consciously Wilsonian and stand in the sharpest possible contrast to the close scientific argument of the main section. Is it not permissible to affirm that a second and concluding volume is necessary to treat successfully of remedies, and that in such a volume the whole theory of our modern world, including the body of its philosophic implications, would have to be treated in the light of the great movements of thought from Bruno and Copernicus to Kant and Darwin? Throughout the world, but in our youthful America perhaps more than elsewhere, the intellectual classes have been slow to see that the imperialist movment is absolutely integral with our whole modern civilization, and that we cannot effect a vital change in the relatively unimportant field of foreign policy without first reaching, as the result of a tremendous intellectual and spiritual labor, an entirely new Weltanschauung. An interesting question in this connection is whether the world still boasts the classes possessed of the stuff necessary for this colossal undertaking. But that is, as the Italians say, un altro paio di maniche.

FERDINAND SCHEVILL.

Latin America

The New Latin America, by J. Warshaw. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.00.

History of the Latin-American Nations, by William Spence Robertson. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $4.00.

NOWHERE has more notable progress in historical research been achieved by scholars of the United States during the past forty years than in the field of Hispanic American history. It has had its Bancroft, its Prescott, its Blackmar, its Bourne, its Moses, its Bolton and its Shepherd, to say nothing of an able and enthusiastic group of young writers who are sure to make important contributions in the near future.

The most significant achievements have been realized in the history of the Spanish colonial period where investigations have been rendered exceedingly interesting by the romantic appeal of the subject matter, its bearing upon the problems of empire and its relation to the history of the southwestern portion of the United States. The results of researches in this portion of the field have been summed up recently in two excellent works published by Dr. Bolton, The Colonization of North America and Spanish Borderlands.

Interest in the national development of the Hispanic American states is of recent origin, but it is growing rapidly and there are many reasons why it should grow. In the first place, they furnish splendid materials for the study of economic and social phenomena. Moreover, these countries are of vast importance to the United States both politically and economically. Under the Monroe Doctrine and its varied interpretations their political integrity is closely bound up with our own; and they have for several years occupied an exceedingly large place in our foreign commerce. The World War, which increased the relative importance of these states and turned a much larger portion of their trade toward the United States, has rendered our Latin American relations all the more significant. Inevitably, therefore, we have become interested in the modern and recent history of the Hispanic American nations.

This new interest has expressed itself in works dealing with the diplomacy of the United States and Hispanic America, such as those of Latané, Calahan and Inman; in efforts of a descriptive nature, too numerous to mention by title, emphasizing the material resources of these countries and setting forth means and methods of advancing our trade with them and of retaining their friendship; and in a few serious attempts to narrate the history of the young republics.

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Perhaps the best survey of contemporary conditions in these countries is Warshaw's new book. In this work the author, presumably a teacher in the College of Business Administration, University of Nebraska, dwells at length upon economic matters, but he by no means neglects the political and the social. The New Latin America, which is the subject of his volume, he declares to be "onward moving," "progressive." In order to find support for this optimistic thesis he compares the Latin American countries with those of southern Europe; dwells upon the common misconceptions regarding them, availing himself of the analogous attitude of the English toward the early development of the United States; and even derives encouragement for Latin America in a comparison of the material progress it made during the first century of its independence with our achievements for the same length of time. In fact, he goes so far as to venture an assertion seldom found in the productions of authors of Anglo-Saxon America. He says: "I am persuaded that Latin Americans have the same number of merits and defects as other peoples: but I am positive, likewise, that they have no more." After all, may not Warshaw's picture be more nearly true than those set forth in the depreciatory and patronizing productions so freely issued during the last decade? At any rate, it will not be unwise to read his book carefully as an antidote to Ross's South of Panama and Franck's "vagabonding" stories.

Hitherto there have been only a very few attempts on the part of North Americans to recount the complete story of the development of the Hispanic American republics. In fact, Dawson, Akers, Shepherd and Sweet constituted the list of authors who had essayed the task prior to the publication of Robertson's text now under consideration. With the possible exception of Professors Shepherd and Bolton, Robertson is easily the best equipped man for the task. His interest in Hispanic American history dates back some twenty years when as a student under Professor Turner at Wisconsin University he wrote his first essay on the subject. In 1907 he published a monograph on Francisco Miranda which was immediately recognized as a piece of historical research of exceptionally high grade. Seven years later he issued an excellent series of biographies which served as a history of the Wars of Independence. These two works immediately won him a place among the foremost historians dealing with the national period of Hispanic American history. Now he publishes a volume of more than six hundred pages which not only sets forth the results of twenty years of diligent study in his own particular field, but presents also some of the findings of a large group of scholars who have specialized in the colonial history of Hispanic America.

Following his own inclinations, perhaps, or—what is still more probable—acceding to the demand of the public which has little interest in historical events prior to the French Revolution, Professor Robertson has given only about one-fourth of his book to the colonial period. This part of the work he divides into five chapters—The Environment, The European Background, Discovery and Conquest, The Latin-American Colonies in the Sixteenth Century, The Old Régime in Latin-America. The author then presents an exceedingly vivid account of the winning of independence and, proceeding on the thesis that each of the Hispanic American peoples is a "distinct political entity constituting a nation," he devotes a chapter to the national development of each of the republics, with the exception of Cuba, Central America and Santo Domingo, which are disposed of in a single chapter. And, last of all, apparently overcome by the resemblances of these countries, which he formerly considered of less importance than their differences, he gives the concluding fifty pages of his narrative to the common problems and ideals of the Latin-American nations and to their relations with other states.

Mr. Robertson has stated the purpose of his undertaking as follows: "I have aimed to write a book that would be instructive to the general reader who desired a survey of Latin-American history and that might also be used as a text for colleges and university classes in the history of Latin-America." (Preface, p. vi.) This purpose he has accomplished in very adequate fashion. He has perhaps written the best book of its kind dealing with the history of Latin-America in any language. He has forever removed one of the best excuses for ignorance of Latin American history on the part of the North American people, and it is hoped that they will soon avail themselves of the opportunity to read this timely volume.

J. Fred Rippy.

Law and Reason

The Nature and Sources of the Law, by J. C. Gray. Second Edition. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

The Nature of the Judicial Process, by B. N. Cardozo. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.75.

The Spirit of the Common Law, by Roscoe Pound. Boston: Marshall Jones. $2.50.

An Introduction to the Philosophy of Law, by Roscoe Pound. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50.

A KEEN French jurist, Duguit, who visited this country last year, is reported to have expressed astonishment at the pedagogic excellence of some of our law schools and the complete absence of any attention to the philosophy of law. Like other foreign visitors, Professor Duguit was not altogether fortunate in his guides. He certainly would not have made the latter part of his statement if he were acquainted with the work that the present Dean of the Harvard Law School has been carrying on for two decades. But taking the country as a whole there can be no doubt that we are woefully behind in the philosophic or scientific study of law as a social institution. Indeed the most influential leaders of the American bar seem distinctly hostile to such study. A decade ago the leaders of the New York bar took the position that the "sea of theoretical economics" was altogether irrelevant to the discussion of the Income Tax Amendment; and our State Court of Appeals in the Ives case similarly ruled that law had nothing to do with economics, sociology or statistical information of any kind. When in the great progressive campaign of 1912 dissatisfaction was expressed with the antiquated philosophy back of a great many of our judicial decisions, the American Bar Association embarked on a campaign of "education" to convince the public that judges merely declared the law and had no part in making it what it is—though this view of the judge as a kind of animated phonograph had long been characterized as a childish fiction by scientific jurists. A very instructive parallel, indeed, may be drawn between the conservative lawyer's attitude to social science and the old clerical attitude to physical science—for legalism and clericalism are both efforts of ruling castes endeavoring to hold on to prestige and power. Despite however the in-

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transigeant attitude of the high priests of the legal profession, our courts did begin to show some effects of the unanswerable criticism that the traditional legal premises and conceptions of rights were antiquated, that many of their previous decisions were necessitated not by eternal legal principles but by obsolete or very questionable assumptions as to economic facts and social policy. But the war has strengthened the reactionaries and has perhaps added new illiberal prejudices to what is regarded as patriotic interpretation of the law. Under the circumstances there can be no better augury to the friends of enlightenment than the appearance of these four books.

Gray's Nature and Sources of the Law originally appeared over a decade ago and was at once recognized as a classic. Though this second edition, edited by the author's son, is not much of an improvement over the first, it is gratifying that a second edition of a book on the general theory of the law should be called for. Professor Gray, to be sure, was in many respects an old fashioned lawyer unduly preoccupied with property law. But unlike the vast majority of his profession, he was a thorough and liberally learned man who did not despise foreign learning and experience, and did not allow conventional respects to interfere with the perception of fact. Thus he does not hesitate to admit that, in our system, law is the "opinion of half a dozen old gentlemen, some of them conceivably of very limited intelligence." The argument that law is the will of the people because, if it were not, the people would overthrow it, is met by grim analogy of the power of the horses of a regiment to overthrow the riders. His remarks on Judge Story, one of the tin gods of the legal profession, are alone well worth the price of the book. Above all, this book seems to be characterized by the mature wisdom which comes from long grappling with difficulties rather than from clever devices for avoiding them. This shows itself in the variety of concrete homely illustrations with which he always confronts high principles, as when the supreme principle of morality, the greatest good of the greatest number, etc., is confronted with the question of the liability of a Pullman Car Company for samples of hat-pins left by a traveling salesman. The incautious reader may be misled by the humor of the illustration and see in it the fashionable contempt for general principles. But in fact Professor Gray does believe that the judge's general philosophy will influence his particular decisions. But if principles will not directly or indirectly throw light on these daily cases they are of no value to the philosophy of law.

By close reasoning Gray establishes the position that law may be viewed as the body of rules followed by courts in their judgments and decisions. Judge Cardozo, who in the main accepts Gray's position and indeed builds upon it, is somewhat frightened by the robust consistency with which Gray maintains his thesis. For if law be nothing but what the courts will recognize as such, then it follows that rules according to which people actually regulate their conduct do not constitute law unless judges put their stamp upon them. Judge Cardozo regards this as obviously absurd. To me it seems rather the beginning of logical sanity to start with this very distinction between the social rules which prevail in popular opinion or practice and the jural rules which prevail in judicial decision. Though these two sets of rules obviously influence each other, they are certainly not identical; and sociologists have fallen into inextricable confusion by indiscriminately applying the term law to these different sets of rules. Gray does not contend that in making the law judges are entirely untrammeled—no human being is ever completely untrammeled. The body of judicial decision is in fact limited by the same forces which rule the state, though who the real rulers are it is hard to say. In any case Gray's position is much more in accordance with the fact that on a great many questions that come up before the courts there is no popular opinion at all. Indeed, it is precisely because in modern society it is as impossible for people at large to make laws as to build suspension-bridges that experts are employed to do both. Hence, more or less organized professional tradition and opinion is probably what judges care for most, and is thus the strongest single factor in making the law what it is. Intelligent laymen can pass judgment only on the results and pronounce them good or defective.

Judge Cardozo is one of the regrettably small number of our judges whose writings would command respect even if the accidents of politics had not elevated them to the judicial bench. His analysis of the different elements which influence the judge in making the law, to wit, analogies, precedents, and considerations of social policy, is characterized by a rare delicacy of perception—a saving grace in a field where inordinate complexity makes it often fatal to rely exclusively on simple theories. One who values consistency above all may perhaps object that the admitted judicial power to mitigate wrongs and hardships cannot be restricted merely to filling gaps in the existing law. Indeed the phrase, "gaps in the law," offers the suggestion of a sharp line between the part of the law that is absolutely fixed and a blank space where the judge can write anything he pleases, whereas in fact the different parts of the law differ only in degree of fixity or fluidity. However, Judge Cardozo's engaging modesty and his earnest warning against what modern progressives are so apt to overlook—the dangers of judicial impressionism which would sacrifice permanent interests of humanity to the interests of the moment—are likely to add to the respectful attention which will be accorded to his main contention.

Eight years ago when I published something to the same effect on the Process of Judicial Legislation, the lamented Dean Thayer of the Harvard Law School and others wrote to me that though what I said was true it was not good public policy for judges to know or admit it. But now that a highly respected judge has said it, let us hope that public policy will adjust itself to the truth.

Dean Pound is one of our very few scholars who have so thoroughly mastered the details of their field that they can see them in their totality and in their relation to the needs of social life. At a time when the high priests of legalism regard all criticism of our legal system as unpatriotic, it is gratifying to find that our foremost jurist is not blind to its serious defects. Dean Pound finds in fact that "the real danger to the administration of justice according to law is in timid resistance to rational improvement and obstinate persistence in legal paths which have become impossible in the heterogeneous, urban, industrial America of today." This does not mean that he is one of those who uncritically confuse the new and the good and thus ignore the relatively permanent human interests which the law, like other social institutions, is designed to protect. Eighteenth century ideas of natural rights and even feudal ideas of social relation are not all necessarily false because we live in the twentieth century; and Dean Pound is careful to point out the precise elements of these ideas that are still of value to our legal system. What is most characteristic of his work is not only the insistence

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that law is a means to human welfare and must justify itself by its results, but that these results must be studied, not simply as they appear in law books and legal presumptions but as they actually operate in life. Thus he calls our attention to the significant fact that while the major energy of our legal studies has been devoted to the reported cases of our higher courts, the vast majority of our people have their cases tried in lower courts where different conditions prevail.

The Introduction to the Philosophy of the Law is the first American book devoted to an analysis of the leading philosophic theories in this field, and it is to be hoped that it will increase the interest of students in this subject. The Spirit of the Common Law, on the other hand, is addressed to a wider audience and is by far the best available survey of the resources of the law, the elements which make it up and the leading ideas which have determined its growth.

Six factors according to this survey have tended to make our common law excessively individualistic. Four of these, to wit, its Germanic origin, the fight of the courts against the king, the theory of natural rights, and the general philosophy of laissez-faire and free will, have been operative in England as well as here; but two, Puritanism and the ideas adapted to a sparsely settled rural population living on the frontier, have emphasized and given a peculiar turn to this individualism in America. At the same time the common law has never abandoned the feudal principle and has always insisted on the reality of the relations in which individuals have to stand, or function which they have to fulfill, as a result of their social interdependence. Dean Pound therefore concludes that the law today needs no revolution from without but is capable of absorbing the teachings of the newer social sciences in a way to protect social security and the development of free individuality.

Optimism with regard to a social institution as basic to decent life as the law, is always exhilarating; and no one is more entitled to his optimism than one who has studied the law as carefully as Dean Pound and has indicated its limitations as honestly as he has done. Nevertheless there is a certain unfortunate absoluteness in his argument against the recall of judicial decisions or any other political interference with the courts. We live in a country where, for good or evil, every political issue except possibly the tariff is likely to get finally into the courts. How then can we maintain law, or at least constitutional law, independent of politics?

In no other country are political questions of taxation or labor legislation involved in so much uncertainty because of the impossibility of predicting how the judges will finally rule. This state of affairs cannot be justified by Coke's dictum that judges rule under God and the law. The ancient Germans may have believed it, but modern man can find little evidence for the claim that the work of judges is more influenced by God than is the work of any other men; and, in view of the uncertainties and large arbitrary elements which actually enter into the decisions of our highest courts on public issues, there is no justification for identifying the political opinions of judges with reason and the opinions of the legislature or voters with arbitrary will. If our actual system whereby the fate of untold millions is decided by a chance majority of a very small number of elderly judges is to be defended at all, it should be by an enumeration of the instances where judicial opinion has actually turned out to be wiser than that of legislatures and voters. Indeed, as an absolute proposition the supremacy of the law or of the actual decisions of courts would be intolerable and immoral. At all times the law, while protecting public order, also involves certain immoralities, and is actually administered in a way to oppress certain elements of the population most unjustly. This is an inevitable consequence of the limitations of human knowledge and goodwill in framing laws as well as in administering them—limitations from which judges are not free. If the law, then, like the Sabbath is made for man, occasional political interferences with the legal machinery may be necessary, *though as a rule dangerous*. Lincoln, for instance, in his effort to preserve the Union flatly disregarded orders from the courts —even that of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; and patriotic citizens were with him, as they were in recalling the Dred Scott decision by force of arms. Nor did the English people lose the benefits of civilization when their Parliament recalled the decision of their highest court in the Scottish Church case. No one, indeed, has pointed out with greater justness than Dean Pound this very necessity for occasional relapses to justice without law, or the limitations of judicial law-making because "courts have no adequate machinery for getting at the facts required."

Though an unusual amount of nonsense has been written on behalf of the economic interpretation of legal history, I think more can be said for it than Dean Pound indicates in this volume. Against the crude assertion that ethics and logic are of no importance because judges are inevitably determined by their own class interests, he is undoubtedly right in insisting that tradition, the force of analogy, and ideas of right, have always been active influences. But the situation is not one of a simple alternative between logical and ethical forces on one side and economic motives on the other. The actual presence of logical reasons and ethical motives is no evidence of the absence of economic motive, conscious or unconscious. No fact about human nature seems so certain as that our honest convictions of right and wrong are apt to be largely shaped by our interests. Slave owners fervently believed slavery to be right, but not because they first reasoned it out on abstract grounds and then became slave owners. Similarly do our interests tend to make certain analogies appear more logically cogent than others. Would the fellow-servant rule and the doctrine of the assumption of risk, which Dean Pound regards as intrusions into the common law, have been invented if Lord Abinger and C. J. Shaw had been laborers? Might they not have found some analogy in the feudal element of our law for the burden on the master rather than on the servant? Similar remarks can be made about the law of fixtures in England and America. Indeed, the whole law of property, of bills and notes, and of the rights of labor, is really unintelligible apart from the economic interests which demand it. However, Dean Pound himself has given us a model example of the economic interpretation of legal history in the chapter on the Pioneers and the Law, and I understand that since writing this book he has become even more friendly to the economic interpretation. Caution in the acceptance of sweeping hypotheses is natural to one who formerly was able to achieve distinguished results also in the natural science of botany.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

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Our Primitive Heritage

Early Civilization: An Introduction to Anthropology, by Alexander A. Goldenweiser. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.00.

WHILE the formal science of anthropology was, in a sense, founded by Edward Burnett Tylor only some forty years ago, man's interest in his primitive predecessors is as old as folklore and tradition itself. To limit ourselves only to written records, the Oriental creation tales and heroic lore, the Hebrew legends of Adam and Eve, the age of giants and Noah and the dispersion, Plato's interest in primitive civilization and the troglodytes, Seneca's conception of a primitive golden age, the patristic account of pristine paradise and the fall, the early modern interest in the life of man in "the state of nature," which culminated in Rousseau's grotesque eulogy of the noble savage, and the beginnings of a pseudo-scientific study of primitive life with Herder, are but a few of the well known examples of the perennial concern of the typical leading thinkers of history with the problems of primitive culture. And while most of their doctrines on the subject were wholly a priori, deductive, and grotesque as to details, their "hunch" as to the importance of early civilization was a sound one. Modern man is pleased to think of himself as quite different in kind from the savage, yet this is but a defensive delusion and a flattering fiction. Except for a precarious and variable veneer of material culture, and the alteration of psychic responses and secondary rationalizations conditioned thereupon, our whole biopsychic and social background and equipment is one which we share in common with primitive man and, to no small degree, with the animal kingdom in general.

The great impulse to the study of anthropology came from the evolutionary hypothesis and the discovery of the geological age of man. A vast literature grew up around the subject of the life of early man in the period from 1860 to 1890. Most of these works, however, were based on deductive theorizing, founded on the assumption of the possibility of applying the processes and mechanisms of biological evolution to an explanation of social and cultural development. Classic examples of this type of work were Spencer's theories of primitive mentality, Morgan's synthesis of primitive social organization, Frazer's voluminous analysis of religion and mythology and Tylor's studies in primitive culture. Tylor was much the most scholarly of the early group, and his Anthropology, first published in 1881, was the best comprehensive statement of the outlines of anthropological science as it was formulated by the evolutionary school.

Penetrating students of primitive culture were soon to see the necessity of supplanting arbitrary deductions by critical and discriminating analysis of adequate collections of representative data, thus raising anthropology to the level of a science. It may be something of a satisfaction to Americans to know that it has been almost solely due to the efforts of an American scholar, Franz Boas, that this significant achievement has been realized. By his extensive field researches, his elaboration and application of a severely scientific method and his training of a number of worthy disciples, he has created the real science of anthropology. The nature and results of his methods he has summarized in his notable work on The Mind of Primitive Man. Clark Wissler has put the synthesis of native American culture on a scientific basis in his American Indian. Robert H. Lowie has contrasted the actual facts of primitive social organization with the imaginative fictions of the older anthropology in his Primitive Society. Many others among Boas's students have done notable work in the way of a discriminating collection of data in the field. Now Dr. Goldenweiser has attempted the difficult but extremely necessary task of summarizing the findings of critical anthropology in the various fields of method, cultural development, social organization and mental evolution. His work may be regarded as occupying something like the same position with respect to the newer critical anthropology that Tylor's Anthropology did to the views of the evolutionary group.

The book opens with an analysis of certain general considerations which may be regarded as the essential prolegomena to any detailed survey of anthropological material, such as the psychic unity of man, the lack of correlation between race and culture, the nature of civilization as a cultural concept and the weaknesses of the older evolutionary and comparative method in anthropology. It would have been well if the discussion of the relation between culture and environment, which appears much further on in the work, had been included in the introduction. Next comes a section devoted to the concrete description of some five representative primitive cultures selected from the most diverse areas. This material is utilized to confirm the introductory considerations and to furnish the basis for subsequent reflections throughout the work. In the third part of the book, primitive industry, art, religion and social organization are surveyed in an illuminating manner, and the laws and processes of cultural and institutional growth are discussed. The work closes with a critical examination of the theories of primitive mentality and mental evolution held by Spencer, Frazer, Wundt, Durkheim, Lévy-Bruhl and Freud. A number of helpful diagrams and illustrations are introduced into the text. While the book is well organized and clearly written, the vocabulary is somewhat scientific and the treatment methodological and generalized. For this reason it is scarcely an ideal book for beginners in the study of anthropology or for introductory courses in undergraduate work in college. It has little of the intimacy and literary charm of Tylor's old manual or Marett's admirable little summary, and while it will be of infinite value to teachers and advanced students it can scarcely be hoped that it will popularize the newer anthropology.

Dr. Goldenweiser adheres to the general point of view of the Boas school that civilization must be dealt with chiefly as a cultural fact and process. Older concepts of a racial hierarchy or geographical determinism are rejected. Culture is the vital and dynamic element in human development, though Goldenweiser handles this "culture-concept" in a moderate manner and does not push it to the border of the mystic and the occult, as do Kroeber and some others. Throughout the book is well-balanced. In the development of culture the contributions of both the individual and society are weighed and estimated, and, in the explanation of cultural parallelisms, due consideration is accorded to the operation of both independent development and diffusion. The latest views on the origin of religion, such as the mana concept, are well presented and the diversity of forms of early social organization clearly indicated. The anachronisms in the anthropology of Spencer, Letourneau, Frazer and Morgan are thus fully revealed. The criticism of the chief attempts to construct a psychology of primitive man is judicious and constructive.

Dr. Goldenweiser's book should do much to arouse

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European anthropologists from their "dogmatic slumbers" in the comparative and evolutionary method, and it brings together for the first time the data of scientific anthropology so that it may be put at the service of historical sociology and institutional economics. If, and when historians become interested in the development of civilization, they will find awaiting them an admirable summary of indispensable prolegomena to their subject.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Materials for Artists

American Indian Life, by several of its students; edited by Elsie Clews Parsons; illustrated by C. Grant La Farge. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $10.00.

AS the Indian passes from America and his land is defaced by the bewidered jumble of white, black and yellow men from whom a new American type must be evolved, study of the Indian's ways is giving new knowledge and new life to anthropology. The work of investigators is rewarded by revelation of a complex neolithic culture that includes rigorous education in practical living and in religious and artistic interpretation of experience. The Indians knew the topography and the climate of their environment, they knew its flora and fauna, they had an intricate and stable social organization and they had rich ceremonial that filled their days with poetry. The noble red man of James Fenimore Cooper was drawn not by a scientist but by an artist who did not seek accuracy of detail; but scientists who now study the Indian find adequate occasion for Cooper's respect. They might agree in lacking confidence that the millennium of the discovery by Columbus will be celebrated by a nobler race than Columbus found.

The myriad types now again peopling America have come to a land that for them is without a story. Even the woods and templed hills of the New Englander are not known to him as the woods and hills of the Old World are known to men who live among them. It was there that the domestic animals were captured, trained and developed. There our ancestors made their discoveries and adaptations of field and garden crops. Our use of products native to our soil—maize, potatoes, tobacco, quinine and the rest—is learned from the Indians, who can teach us much more that is worth learning. Land that is emotionally void to those who now hold it was to the Indians as inspiring as were Olympus and Thermopylae to the Greeks. The Greeks began by appropriating a culture that they found in the place to which they had come. America will follow their example with sure reward if all remaining Indian lore is treasured and put to full use.

Those who might question the worth of what the first Americans can give their successors will lose inclination to doubt if they will ponder the substance of the new book entitled American Indian Life. The Indians lacked items that we enumerate with pride, but they were not imperiled by that spiritual undernourishment which may make all our materials worthless. In general, the Indian knew what he ought to do and why; he did it and was content. He achieved a synthesis, and an art effectively interpreting it. We may not accept his theology, but his symbols in decoration and ceremonial suit our land. We have borrowed his maize but have overlooked all that to the Indian justified food, as from the Old World we have brought wheat while leaving Demeter. This book helps toward fuller human response to American environment.

The preface begins by illustration and discussion of the unreliability of Cooper as a source of information about Indians. Apparently, one purpose of the book is to replace or to contribute toward replacing erroneous impressions derived from Cooper with the accurate knowledge of scientists. As means to this end, the authors, for the most part professors and curators, have sought to adopt "the fictional form of presentation." What the authors understand by adopting the fictional form may be exemplified not unfairly by this paragraph from the story of Tokulki of Tulsa:

> Sometimes sickness came upon a member of Tokulki's camp, and then Tokulki's mother's younger brother, who was doctor of the band, and at the same time Medicine Maker of the town, would be called in. Before prescribing, such a doctor often consulted the kila, or "knower," who seems to have combined the functions of prophet and diagnostician, but Tokulki's uncle never did this because he united the two functions in himself. Having determined the nature of the disease, he would go in quest of various herbs, or sometimes send members of the household after them. These he put into a great pot, poured water over them, and placed the pot over the fire. After the contents were sufficiently heated, he gave it potency by breathing into it through a hollow cane, while repeating a magical formula. This was done four times, the doctor meantime facing east.

A few sentences from Smoking-Star, by another author, will indicate that the paragraph from Tokulki is not wholly unrepresentative of the book:

> I suppose I was born in a small tepee set up outside, for such is the custom. Also I suppose that for a time my mother laid aside all ornaments and affected carelessness of person. If anyone should gaze at her, she would say, 'Don't. My child will look like you; you are ugly, etc.' She was attended by women only, for men should not approach the birthplace. Even my father was not permitted to enter it, and it was many days before he saw me. In due time, I suppose, I was strapped to a cradle board. Later, a name was conferred upon me by my father, he being a chief. Unless a man is great, he does not name his child. . . .

Doubt whether "the method of the historical novel" or any variety of "the fictional form" has been achieved implies no disrespect for the qualifications of the eminent authors in their science. It is difficult for a specialist to realize the exactions of another's specialty; and effective fiction or popularization of any sort may never be work for one who attempts it in condescension. "It is from intensive studies . . . that the stories which form the present volume have sprung as a by-product." The quality of stories produced in this manner is fairly comparable to the quality of science that artists sometimes produce as a by-product of their stern and exacting trade. Therefore it happens that Cooper's red man seems yet secure in the imagination of the civilized world. That the overthrow of Cooper's red man is not an impossibility is suggested by such a story as Windigo in this volume; but Cooper remains a formidable champion. The painter's tubes are not art but are needful to art; and this book will hold a value as material for an American literature that will give new meaning to American life.

C. F. ANSLEY.

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The Mirror and the Meat-Axe

Prejudices, Third Series; by H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE advice originally given by Mark Twain to would-be carvers of chicken Mr. Mencken has followed and applied to his dissection of life, literature and democracy:

"Use an axe and avoid the joints."

The third volume of Mr. Mencken's Prejudices, which is a collection of what he thinks, rather than what he has thought out, about poetry, honorific decorations, capital, criticism, Methodism, Upton Sinclair, the drama, James Huneker, liberty, Frank Harris, Man, education, political economy, Havelock Ellis and America, tells us, as usual, not very much about these things, but a good deal about Mr. Mencken himself.

It tells us—

That this heartiest and most efficient swinger of the meat-axe from Maine to California uses practically no other instrument.

That he reacts violently to everything before he has had time to see the whole of it.

That he steps indiscriminately on all insects because he likes to hear them scrunch.

That he gives verdicts, but not explanations.

That he is utterly fearless of the world, and would be easier to read if he were only a little afraid of himself.

That he is too fond of buck-shot ever to be a sharp-shooter.

That he is a wilful cynic who feeds his dislikes far better than his likes, and that in respect to this food he is a gourmand but not a gourmet.

That he can scarcely be seeking converts, for he is too deafening to be persuasive, and prefers attention to mere agreement.

That, useful yet irritating as he is, he is also unalterable, and would have been the same in any other society, or planet, or in any cycle of heaven or of hell.

That if the proof of good writing be in a consistent vigorous onslaught of words, fed from unfathomable springs of vocabulary, perfectly at command, Mr. Mencken is a good writer.

That if a good writer is one who can spend the fractional currency of language, and entice its minor rhythms, Mr. Mencken is no writer at all, but a brick factory.

That if to be ill-natured is to complain peevishly, and wear a mask of spleen, of malice, of repression, of personal defeat, then Mr. Mencken is not ill-natured.

That if to be kind is to try to understand, and to give allowances for, and to doubt, and to pierce beneath appearances, then Mr. Mencken is anything but kind.

That if the modern spirit is compounded somewhat of scepticisms, and searchings, and self-analyses, and chasings after "mystic wrynesses," and respect, even love for, shadows and ripples and the not wholly white and the half-gray, Mr. Mencken is not of these times.

That if they can most truly be called intellectual citizens of America who can distinguish her wine from her lees, and yet drink down both together; who believe that the same tree can grow apples both sweet and rotten; who, disliking some of the children of one family, can love others, and be interested in all of them; who can take pleasure in a diversity and commingling of things good and evil; whose explorations are never at an end, nor judgments unchangeable, nor hearts inhospitable, nor minds incurious, nor ears closed to the shyer, the less obvious, the more fugitive, the smaller rumors of life,—then Mr. Mencken is not an American.

What is he? A vigorous, whole-hearted, violent, stimulating, prejudiced, ruthless man who is—in his own words—"trying to arrest and challenge a sufficient body of readers, to make them pay attention to him"; he is, "first and last, simply trying to express himself," to achieve "that feeling of a tension relieved which Wagner achieved when he wrote Die Walküre, and a hen achieves every time she lays an egg."

This is very disarming, and almost holds up the process of attempting to break as many of Mr. Mencken's eggs as possible. One is for a moment tempted to rescue some very true and pleasant and warm and even discriminating passages in the book. One is tempted to ask Mr. Mencken to write oftener as he does about criticism, or poetry, or James Huneker. One is tempted to be "constructive." But he won't let us. Having disarmed us, he at once puts the weapon back in our hands: "All the benefits I have ever got from the critics of my work," he says, "have come from the destructive variety. A hearty slating always does me good. . . ."

Well, here goes. In general, Mr. Mencken's prose sounds like large stones being thrown into a dump-cart. He has more gusto than humor, more weight than edge, more appetite than taste, and a great deal more ink than intellect.

In particular, to pick upon the most vulnerable, but also the most formidable part of the book, the essay On Being an American: it will probably remain for years an unchallenged masterpiece of sandbag vituperation. Its burden is about as follows: "It is my conviction that the American people, taking one with another, constitute the most timorous, sniveling, poltroonish, ignominious mob of serfs and goose steppers ever gathered under one flag in Christendom since the Middle Ages, and that they grow more timorous, more sniveling, more poltroonish, more ignominious, every day." The rest of the essay develops this theme in detail, with vast accessories of instances and epithets, and a steady procession of all Mr. Mencken's favorite villains.

We may agree completely with Mr. Mencken in disliking his villains, but he has worked into his pattern his villains and nothing, nobody else. At what narrow window commanding the American scene is he standing that he should give us, as the whole truth, such a fraction of it? Whom does he talk to, what does he see, what does he read that leaves in his mind so partial and warped a picture? The answer seems fairly obvious: he doesn't talk to people, he doesn't look at them as individuals, he reads. His picture is exactly the picture of our society that anyone would form who read the newspapers and nothing else. In the newspapers all the absurd, the narrow, the poltroonish, the ignominious speeches and actions of men come up to the top like bubbles from the bottom of the sea. The bubbles don't tell the story of the things that swim about in the deeper waters. Mr. Mencken, watching the surface fever of American life as it boils and bubbles in the newspaper columns, sees the fever and the surface and not much else. He records truly and vividly what he sees in the mirror he has chosen to hold up to the world, but what a mirror!

If only Mr. Mencken could be suddenly struck with an attack of complete illiteracy. . . .

But this will never happen. He will always present the spectacle of a man who ferociously enjoys spitting into a crooked mirror.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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Resurrecting the Classics

Seneca the Philosopher and his Modern Message, by Richard Mott Gummere. Boston: Marshall Jones. $1.50.

Horace and his Influence, by Grant Showerman. Boston: Marshall Jones. $1.50.

THESE little books, although numbered 14 and 16, are the first to appear in a series of fifty-one volumes under the general title, Our Debt to Greece and Rome, George Daphne Hadgets and David Moore Robinson, editors. The editors assume, with obvious justice, that the great writers of Greece and Rome have a meaning for our time, as they had for the Middle Ages and the early modern period. This series of books is designed to convey the meaning to the average cultivated reader who is not trained in the classical languages. The project is one which everybody will commend. It is, however, one which is not easy of execution. For only those who know both the classical and the modern civilization will be able to make the values of the first available in terms of the second. The work can be done only by those who have mastered the classical languages and literature, and in this country that means the professors of Greek and Latin, a body of men not distinguished for their capacity to apply their thinking to the vital problems of the time, as the present low state of classical studies attests. What are the chances that the editors have in any case been able to find the right man for the job? Fifty fifty, one might guess. But that may be too sanguine.

In Grant Showerman they have unquestionably found the right man for Horace. For intelligence and charm one may safely back Professor Showerman's essay against any other in the whole voluminous literature on Horace. It is written in good, clear English, restrained, yet rich and flexible. There are occasional translations in verse which rank among the most successful in a field where many brilliant writers have tried their skill. Professor Showerman does not achieve perfect translation, to be sure. Where Horace recites with the faintest twinkle in his eye Exegi monumentum aere perennius, Professor Showerman represents him with a solemn face appropriate to "When in the course of human events—." That can't be helped. Academic Americans simply can't touch Horace without leaving blue finger prints on him. It is the fault of Horace. He is too dazzlingly finished.

The editors' luck failed them in Mr. Gummere. To begin with he writes like this. "Seneca, whose personality has always been somewhat of a puzzle, was born about 4 B. C. in that mysterious land which was known to the Romans as a nurse of hardy and artistic tribesmen who for two hundred years, until the age of Augustus, had resisted the resources of Rome with more success than the volatile Gauls or the versatile Greeks."

This, plus eighteen lines of equally irrelevant verse, and an additional brief paragraph in prose, is Mr. Gummere's desperate best at saying that Seneca was born in Spain. Even so he doesn't compass it, but you have to infer the fact from a later paragraph. The classical masters sometimes went to great lengths to avoid mentioning a spade or a flea. But why should the noble word Spain stick like that in anybody's craw?

That is not the worst of it, however. The title promised us Seneca and his Modern Message. The book gives us very little of Seneca, far less than a perspicacious classicist like Professor Showerman would extract from the Tragedies alone, scarcely mentioned by Mr. Gummere. As for the "modern message," there is none, if we must accept Mr. Gummere's findings. Instead, we are offered a most barren and tedious study of "influence" upon mediaeval and modern writers, as revealed in quotations and paraphrases. That is the method of the Germans. It is one of the reasons they lost the war and deserved to lose it.

Why, some one may ask, should a reviewer treat so harshly an author who meant well and whose worst offence was to write tiresomely about an author so obsolete and valueless as Seneca? The answer is that Seneca is not obsolete and valueless. Few of the great writers of antiquity are. They are not the representatives of a simpler culture which we can ignore, but rather of a more complex culture bearing analogies to that toward which we are moving. The full blown Greek and Roman civilization was farther than we are from the stage in which a traditional religion supplies an adequate scheme of values and of rules of conduct. It involved more extensive experience in the rational charting of a way of life. Its failures were tragic, but at its best it affords superb examples of the free soul of man. These have been all but lost to us, partly because we cared more for other things than for visions of serene beauty, partly because the pedants dusted too much syntax over the visions. We need to recover our heritage. It matters a lot whether we pay "our debt to Greece and Rome" in good red gold or in rubles that strain all the resources of arithmetic to no conceivable end.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

The Excellent and Vain! . . .

Soliloquies in England and Later Soliloquies, by George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

IN the summer of 1914 Mr. Santayana was in England. The Great War surprised and kept him there, chiefly in and about Oxford, until the coming of peace. What of his energies were not devoted to the exposure of the soul of the enemy, as in Egotism in German Philosophy, or to the exposition of the soul of the Ally, as in Character and Opinion in the United States, was absorbed by intense and poignant meditations, in rambles over the Oxonian countryside. These meditations compose the Soliloquies in England. The later soliloquies were uttered mostly after the armistice. Some, articulated during the war, are included among them, but if they do not belong with them in time, they belong with them in temper. They utter relaxations in their thinker's feelings, and are temporary recoveries of his normal habits of mind. The bulk of the wartime soliloquies are vocal of a deep emotion. The war mood of the land is in them, transmuted by the thinker's personal vision of the nature and destiny of man, ordered and beautified by the cadences of his own spirit and the music of his intellect.

They are elegiac cadences, and it is a funereal music. The war shocked the thinker more than he himself realized. It challenged the very life of the land and the people that were more dear to him than any, with a worth heightened by the yearning recollections of his happier days in youth, by a straining fear for the more comfortable days of his maturity. As in the past, so now, the great academies of England and that which had created and was sustaining them more than met his deepest needs. British snobbery

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and the dumb British courage; Dickens and deathbed manners, Platonism and the empiricist contentment in finitude, they were all to him of an excellence. The modern Briton and the ancient Greek were alike, and alike the objects of his love. Oxford and Cambridge were places for enjoying "in seclusion the intense companionship of the past and of the beautiful; also the intense companionship of youth. . . ." Ah, if the war should take them, and end them, as it was taking and ending so much of the beauty and the hope of the world!

The soliloquies of the period from 1914 to 1918 are a meditation on death born of this anxiety. They speak with a tenderness sadly aesthetic; they are a kind of beautiful slow whistling to keep the whistler's courage up. And what a threnody! It assures the whistler that, after all, the poignancy and horror of war do not much matter. War is life, war is existence. All things end that ever began, and how should his own beloved escape the doom? The end cometh, if not through war, in other warlike ways. Life is excellent, yes, and life is vain. So runs the burden of the prophecy, in phrases measured and monotoned as a liturgy. You think of Bach to find a parallel for the unlapsing dignity of their pattern, the steadiness, to the point of cloying, of their rhythmic beat, so uniform is their prosody—and so hypnotic.

The same uniformity is to be observed in the subject-matter. The soliloquies are really a theme with variations—a tristful elegy on the excellence and vanity of life. Atmosphere, grisaille, water, privacy, dons, snobs, friendships, warshrines, skylarks, Tipperary and whatever the thinker talks about—they are all shot through with the same significance, all symbols of the same vision of life. Mind, to this vision, is an alien in a world in which it grew but which was not made for it. It is a new and different being amid an eternity of infinite unchanging essences and a timeful welter of changing existences. The essences, which mind apprehends, endure forever but do not live; the existences, which mind combats, live but cannot endure. Divided thus between time and eternity, "we last as a strain of music lasts, and we go where it goes." Our root is matter, our life or "psyche" is the organization of this matter which determines the pattern of our conduct, our spirit is the vision of the eternal essences which we recognize whenever we know anything. And what we are, and what we know, are at best and at worst, both incommunicable. Each of us perforce must live alone. Not only our thought, our very life is a soliloquy and those of us are fortunate who may happen to soliloquize in harmony with others. Communicate we cannot. Then, such as this life is, let us so accept it, and enjoy it. "Everything in nature is lyrical in its ideal essence, tragic in its fate and comic in its existence." Why should the life of man be otherwise? It has its excellences and it has its end. If it be vain, what else is there that is not?

Yet—all pervading as is this wisdom, recurrent its statement and persistent its application, there is an undertone that denies it. The war has cracked the very engine our thinker is using to combat its menace. Old beliefs of childhood, deep-buried but not dead, the blind resistances of present emotion, the selective bias of habits and of vigorous unsensed prejudices accompany the utterances of the philosophy which discounts them, and somewhat discount it. The enemy, instead of being understood, is sneered at and belittled and denounced. The cross regains its symbolic potency, rivalling Chesterton's. The Jews who have been its chief victims come in for the resurrected traditional anti-Semitic sneer. The communists challenging the morality and threatening the existence of the Zion our soliloquist has been at ease in, come in for the characteristic fearful aristocratic denunciation. So the intimate instance only vindicates the observation that everything in nature is comic in its existence. It cannot, of course, detract from the nobility of the vision of the end: "Death is the background of life much as empty space is that of the stars; it is a deeper thing always lying behind, like the black sky behind the blue. In the realm of existence death is indeed nothing; only a word for something negative and merely notional—the fact that each life has limits in time and is absent beyond them. But in the realm of truth, as things are eternally, life is a little luminous meteor in an infinite abyss of nothingness, a rocket fired on a dark night; and to see life and to value it from the point of view of death is to see and to value it truly. . . The dark background which death supplies brings out the tender colors of life in all their purity."

II.

Mr. Santayana is happiest in his lyrics about death and life, in his generalized conspectus of the map of existence and of what divides being from non-being. Their nobility and sadness impart to the reader something of their own lucent quiet, strong in a metaphysical non-resistance. How otherwise when our soliloquist ruminates upon some specific élan of life itself, some actuality of the rocket's flight through the dark night, some "tender color of life" in its purity immediately at hand! Then the metaphysician is crossed by the partisan, the just moralist by the leisured Tory. The mood of the later soliloquies is the mood of this crossing. The wartime exaltation is deflated; the tension of feeling is relaxed. The essays are longer, more discursive and dialectical. Their themes are more nearly the habitual preoccupation of the thinker and the current conflicts of his time. They are less appreciations of ultimacies than criticism of proximate trends. If they differ in any respect from his earlier studies in the field they differ in the fact that the disturbance of the war is in them also manifest, manifest now however as reaction against its tension, as the vivid and bitter play of class-prejudice, the luxurious surrender of the sympathetic imagination to the angry judgment.

"Historically, natural society long ago proved a moral failure." Man is by nature a solitary and the society he has made is "an expedient and a sort of refuge from despair." Beneath it, "in the heart of each of its members, there is always an intense and jealous solitude . . . and above . . . there is always another solitude—a placid ethereal wilderness, the heaven of ideas—beckoning the mind." What lies between these solitudes is not so worthy Things are masks, personality is a mask. The activities and interests of their conjunction are ridiculous in their life and tragic only in their death. This is particularly observable in the ironic destiny of the liberals. Greek morals, Christian morality and German freedom were all alike based on an infallible map of life, were an assent to the inevitable. Modern liberty and the spirit of liberalism of which it is the ideal are based first on an error, on an illusion of choice and then, on a rejection. They are merely "a loosening of an older structure" and the release is what liberals call culture. "Culture is a triumph of the individual over society. It is his way of profiting intellectually by a world he has not helped to make." It has "no ulterior purpose, no forced unity . . . it was the joy of living every life but one's own."

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Now that which has bred it is nearing its term. Competition, war and its own inner contradictions have done t to death. For it tried to combine liberty with prosperity ınd prosperity kills liberty. It tried to combine liberty ıvith progress, and progress, which is measured movement n one chosen particular direction, kills liberty, which is free ıovement in any and all directions or in none. The liberal ıimself, as reformer, has sought to impose a particularistic direction upon mankind, and to justify it by a philosophy of moral evolution. This philosophy is, however, only an instance of snobbery, of the "higher snobbery." It simply finds bad reasons for a society pacific and tame, which degrades love and enslaves it, whose masters are the rich, whose ambitions are sordid, whose majorities are discouraged because the common ideal can be attained only by the few, for whom propaganda replaces argument, so that "hatred and wilfulness are everywhere." Thus "the liberal system, which sought to raise the individual, has degraded the masses. . . . Liberalism has merely cleared a field in which every soul and every corporate interest may fight with every other for domination. Whoever is victorious in this struggle will make an end of liberalism." And to what purpose? To reenact the drama. "The scum of the earth gathers itself together, becomes a criminal or a revolutionary society, finds some visionary or some cosmopolitan agitator to lead it, establishes its own code of ethics, imposes the desperate discipline of outlaws upon its members and prepares to rend the free society that allows it to exist. It is astonishing with what docility masses of Englishmen, supposed to be jealous of their personal liberty, will obey such a revolutionary junta, which taxes and commands them, and decrees when they shall starve and when they shall fight. I suspect that the working-people of the towns no longer have what was called the British character. Their forced unanimity in action and passion is like that of the ages of faith; its inspiration, like that of early Christianity, comes from a few apostles, perhaps foreign Jews, men who in the beginning had visions of some millennium; and the cohesion of the faithful is maintained afterwards by preaching, by custom, by persecution and by murder. Yet it is intelligible that the most earnest liberals, who in so far as they were advocates of liberty fostered these conspiracies, in so far as they are philanthropists should applaud them, and feel the need of this new tyranny. They save liberal principles by saying that they applaud it only provisionally as a necessary means of freeing the people. But of freeing the people from what? From the consequences of freedom."

I have transcribed this passage at length because it is a compendium of the defects that mark the later soliloquies. It is worthy to be set beside the most stupidly mythological and the most hysterically malicious passages of Austin Stewart Chamberlain, A. Mitchell Palmer or Lothrop Stoddard. The fact is that in spite of all his earnestness with respect to the need of understanding the true causes of things, Mr. Santayana is impatient of the grubby and confused detail of them. This is particularly true regarding his apprehension of society and his appreciation of its dynamic units. They are aesthetic and dialectical, not causal; consequently always the inward expression of a preference, not the outward recognition of a process. Thus it comes about that the influence of industry on the conduct and temper of the great society is entirely ignored; that liberalism is made to appear intentionally self-defeating, while it really is the unrelenting effort of the free spirit to keep itself and its fellows from being enslaved by institutions and events. A scientific reading of the story of liberalism in the light of an interest in causes would make a very different picture from an aesthetic reading in the light of a dramatic interest in idiosyncratic moral values. It would show more freedom, not less; the masses not only rendered better off, but raised in dignity and station, not degraded; more reflective and responsible, not docile; united, not by preachers and demagogues and agitators, but by the exigencies of the automatic machine, into a more intimate and unanimous fellowship—in every respect closer to the ideal of free men than their forebears of the pre-liberal days.

Only by means of what the logicians call an ignoratio, a very comprehensive ignoratio, could the soliloquist have created his passionate myth regarding liberalism. This ignoratio is already implicated in the aestheticism of his theory of life. Its appeal to the heart is wonderful, and its sway over the imagination irresistible. When I first read William James's commentary on it—(Mr. Santayana, in his reply to his Friendly Critics discusses it)—"What a perfection of rottenness. . . ." I could not understand it, or how it could be made, and I resented it. I confess that the reading of these soliloquies has rendered it quite clear to me. I recognize in Mr. Santayana's whole philosophy a certain defensory, compensatory quality which had not been apparent to me before. It is, I think now, the philosophy of a man afraid not of death, but afraid of life. "I am," he declares in this same apologia, "a disciple of Socrates." But he isn't, not really, not in this connection. Socrates both fought at Potidaea and drank the hemlock. Mr. Santayana — soliloquized. No, Bertrand Russell, who in this connection would be one of Mr. Santayana's scum of the earth, is in this respect a spirit nearer to Socrates.

H. M. Kallen.

The Population Problem

The Population Problem, A Study in Human Evolution, by A. M. Carr-Saunders. New York: Oxford University Press. $7.00.

The Law of Births and Deaths, by Charles Edward Pell. London: T. Fisher Unwin. $4.40.

As a survey of the whole population problem from a historical and evolutionary standpoint, the work of Mr. Carr-Saunders unquestionably takes rank as one of the foremost English contributions for a century. In scope, comprehensiveness and scholarly treatment, it is in a class with Malthus's famous Essay. The author is not Malthusian, and yet one wonders whether his criticisms of Malthus's position are based on a close first hand acquaintance with the work of his great predecessor. When Mr. Carr-Saunders contends that Malthus's whole argument collapses because of the fallacy of the "arithmetical ratio" and because he ignored the factor of skill in industry, it should be pointed out that, after all, Malthus was stressing certain *tendencies* under given conditions. His treatment is always clear and at times clairvoyant. For example, in discussing the problem of the inheritance of acquired characters, he says the problem should rather be referred to as "whether modifications in any one direction tend to be followed by mutations in the same direction."

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whole problem from the standpoint of animal and human fecundity. The author contends that the problem has its origin in the fact that mankind has a definite position in the animal kingdom. The significant difference between animal fecundity and human is that in the former case reproduction may be regarded as mechanical. "The strength of fecundity in any species is determined by the sum of all the dangers to which the young of that species are exposed . . . [plus] . . . the danger that a certain portion of eggs will not be fertilized." Among men, however, fecundity is not so related, nor is reproduction ever mechanical—due to the development of conceptual thought. And yet "there is no indication whatever that increasing intellectual activity is accompanied by decreasing fecundity" for "it is not always realized that a declining birth rate may be due to a decline in fertility alone, wholly unconnected with a decline in fecundity."

In the treatment of the quantitative aspect of the problem the author conceives a tendency to the "optimum density of population," viz., that just as there is a point of maximum return in each industry, so there must be in all industries taken together. "If the population is not large enough to bring all returns up to this point, returns will be less than they might be and the remedy is increase of population; if, on the other hand, population is so great that the point has been passed, returns are again less than they might be, and the remedy is decrease of population." Maintaining that this principle of the optimum number holds for primitive races as well as for civilized, he sets forth the factors by which numbers are regulated toward this optimum. From a vast wealth of material he arrives at four *incidentally regulating factors* among early peoples, viz., pre-puberty intercourse, prolonged lactation, war and lack of care of children. Besides these, certain *primary regulatory factors* are found operating, viz., prolonged abstention from intercourse, abortion and infanticide.

Contact with Europeans diminishes all these factors except war and the effects of disease, which are intensified. Under the influence of Christianity, celibacy and marriage-postponement become important factors, while from the time of the Industrial Revolution secular celibacy and contraceptives come into the situation. It is brought out that, whereas in the mediaeval period the independent class married early and the dependent class, owing to guild regulations etc., considerably later, in the modern period this condition has been reversed. In the main, the author concludes that changes in numbers come about in response to economic requirements.

Exaggerating the self regulating power of peoples, the author underestimates the role of population in causing migration and war. As regards the qualitative aspect of the problem, the author recognizes that subtle changes in social life and social organization may have profound effects. Tradition becomes an important factor of selection, "whereas bodily form is on the whole adapted to the physical environment, mental characters are adapted on the whole to the traditional environment. Men come to be selected in accordance with the needs of social organization." From this it follows that:

> Those who base upon germinal change their hope for the physical condition of the human race in the future are building upon sound foundations. On the other hand, those who think that germinal change in mental characters will affect the evolution of society and mould the course of history are upon the whole mistaken. The course of history is in the main dependent upon changes in tradition which are for the most part independent of germinal change. . . . But as far as tradition is equalized so far do innate mental differences manifest themselves as between man and man, and since tradition is more or less equalized, if not within races, at least within classes in the same race, to that degree is mental endowment of preeminent importance to the individual.

Relying largely upon Doubleday and Spencer Mr. Pell contends for a natural law "the function of which is to adjust the degree of fertility to suit approximately the needs of the race." He thinks that "the degree of fertility will be directly proportional to the development of nervous energy until the optimum point for fertility is reached, and will thenceforward vary inversely with the development of nervous energy." Something like this is true, as between species, but he thinks that it operates as within the human species.

Mr. Pell states that "the theory set forth in this work is not that the fall in the birth rate is caused by the fall in the death rate, but that it is produced by the same combination of causes which produces a falling death rate." But how does typhoid reduction operate to cut down fertility? What is the mysterious relationship between the saving of life by a serum and a shrinkage in the baby crop? The author puts forward his ideas as a hypothesis merely. "When it can be replaced by a better statement, the quicker it is flung upon the scrap heap the better." That is virtually what the work of Mr. Carr-Saunders does to it.

EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS.

Mr. Fueter's History

World History: 1815-1920, by Eduard Fueter, translated by Sidney Bradford Fay. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

IT is known that the nineteenth century has many sins to answer for (vide inter alia Dean Inge, H. G. Wells, Pius IX, the "New School" of historians when their histories come out, any literary critic born since 1895, H. L. Mencken, the Dial). Not the least of its faults is that it presents great difficulties to the writers of college textbooks on history. With so many stories to relate, so many diverse influences to estimate, so much that is new and unashamed always being met with, it is no easy task to coordinate the whole in a plain tale of democratic progress. What should be done with a century that puts obstacles in the way of so flourishing an industry as the making of textbooks?

That question I cannot answer; but the specifications for constructing a history textbook on the nineteenth century are now pretty well standardized. After a chapter on the System of Metternich, you must interpolate one on The Industrial Revolution, of which you may say anything you like provided you contrive to explain the devices known as the Jenny and the Mule. Having brought the Industrial Revolution to an end about 1829, it is proper to relate the internal history of the chief countries one after the other, reserving for separate chapters such subjects as The Partition of Africa and Asia, The Expansion of the British Empire, Russia to 1914, Turkey and the Balkans, International Relations, Intellectual and Social Changes, and The Emancipation of Women. There will ordinarily be a chapter on Minor Countries, but this can

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be slipped in anywhere. This arrangement has the advantage, among others, of separating, by from 100 to 300 pages, such topics as the Kulturkampf and the Doctrine of Infallibility, or the Boer War and the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of 1902, or, if you are fortunate, the Congress of Berlin and the Austro-German Treaty of 1879. Above all, the partition of Asia and Africa can be peaceably related without any disturbing recollection of the Industrial Revolution.

All this is clearly irrelevant since Mr. Fueter's book is called World History and will not easily be mistaken for either a textbook on, or a history of, the nineteenth century. Unaware, in all probability, of what makes for the greatest sale to the greatest number, Mr. Fueter was free to make this wretched century intelligible if he could, at the cost of whatever reversal of the established order. He has accordingly organized his material with the purpose of enforcing what seems to him to be the chief significance of the last hundred years in world history. This central theme is "the spread of European civilization . . . over the whole earth. . . . No event of the past century has exercised so powerful an influence upon the future of mankind—and not least on the European states themselves—as this Europeanization of the world."

The cause of this expansion was the scientific conquest of natural forces and their application to the production of goods. Of this, the first result was the industrialization of certain countries, notably England, and a rapid increase in population. Until well into the third quarter of the century the strain occasioned by this transformation was more or less eased off by the migration of surplus population to the new world where free land could be obtained, notably to the United States, and by a steadily expanding market in Europe and America. But towards the close of the century a new situation was created. The more complete and more widespread industrialization of Europe, of Germany particularly, greatly increased the commodities seeking markets abroad; capital seeking investment was piling up at the very time when social legislation and the organization of labor were raising wages and diminishing the profits of investments at home; and finally the United States, no longer possessed of free land and becoming in consequence a manufacturing country, offered relatively diminishing opportunities for Europe's surplus of goods and of population. The result of these changed conditions was twofold: (1) the "New Imperialism"—a frantic rush for the expropriation of Africa and Asia in search of concessions for investment capital, essential raw materials, and markets for surplus goods; (2) the rise of the Fourth Estate, the insurgence of the proletariat against the capitalist classes which had managed, in spite of "revolutions" and constitutional reforms and extension of the suffrage, to retain effective control of political power and to reap the major benefits of the new mechanical civilization. This double conflict, of classes and nations, brought on the great war.

To tell the story of events in the concrete, to present the "facts" in their actual setting, and at the same time shape the narrative to a semblance of harmony with this broad principle of interpretation, is a task of extraordinary difficulty. The matter is extremely refractory. The rough-edged and ill-assorted facts seem to resent being crowded within the too compact quarters of any formula whatever; and one frequently feels that Mr. Fueter is in the position of a man carrying rough quartz in a thin paper bag—the bag is almost sure to burst! Certainly Mr. Fueter has not achieved his aim with the perfection of high art. But on the whole his book is a brave attempt to find and apply a unifying principle of interpretation. Even apart from his main thesis, there are many chapters, more especially those dealing with English, French and Italian history, which are particularly fresh and informing; and everywhere one comes upon penetrating comment and illuminating generalization.

I do not recommend Mr. Fueter's World History to college students who are primarily concerned with passing up a course in the nineteenth century; but any person, college student or other, who seriously wishes to understand as well as to know the history of the last hundred years will do well to read this book. CARL BECKER.

The Goose Man

The Goose Man, by Jacob Wassermann, translated by Allen W. Porterfield. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

IN the market place of Nuremburg is a fountain presided over by the bronze statue of a little man in Hessian boots, with a goose under either arm. It is a very humble conception, a friendly figure, around whom the life of the city gathers. "Beggars pass by and so do the rich. There are respected people who are greeted by those who see them; there are outcasts who are shunned. One has a child by the hand, another a woman by the arm. Some drag crimes in their hearts, others walk upright, free, happy to face the world. One is on his way to church to pray, another to the café to drown his sorrows. . . . A beautiful girl has on her best dress; a cripple lies in the gateway. There is a boy who sings a song, and a matron whose eyes are red with weeping. The baker carries by his bread, the cobbler his boots." It is a Vanity Fair, a Comédie Humaine, upon which the little Goose Man maintains his calm, serious gaze, without indifference or contempt or hatred—the gaze to which Daniel Nothafft was to attain after forty years of wandering and suffering, and baptism by fire and blood and tears. These human types which the Goose Man sees are the beings out of which Jacob Wassermann peoples his world. As in Christian Wahnschaffe, which in the English translation has become The World's Illusion, the number of them is legion. There is the bookseller, Jacob Philip Schimmelweis, Daniel's uncle who robs him of his inheritance, and his malevolent daughter Philippina, who is Daniel's servant and nemesis; there is Jordan, the insurance inspector, and his daughters, Gertrude and Eleanore; there is Döderlein, the chief of the conservatory and his lascivious daughter, Dorothea, and his brother-in-law, Carovius; there is Eberhard von Auffenberg, who loves Eleanore with mystical devotion; Diruf, the head of the insurance office who tries to capture her; Frau Hadebusch, the midwife, and countless others, all caught as they struggle into life like the clods of Deukalion, most of them miscegenated into a grotesque sort of humanity, their lives twisted and incredibly tangled with Daniel Nothafft's, who lives not for them but through them and beyond, to his own creative ends.

In The World's Illusion the uncoordinated world of human fragments is integrated by the experience of the saint; in The Goose Man, by that of artist. The books are clearly complementary to each other. Both bear witness to Wassermann's early training in the schools of his day. His fragments of a world are drawn with the cun-

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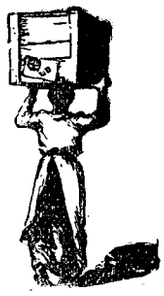

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ning of the naturalist, but beyond this mechanical skill there are touches of reality that cry out as life itself. Of the two, The Goose Man is the nearer to what we call realism. The story of Daniel Nothafft in his rôle of uncomprehended genius is akin to the author's own experience, and it is illumined with a more authentic if less brilliant light of imagination. It recalls the personal records of Beethoven, Berlioz, Wagner, and is to be compared with the great musical novel, Jean Christophe. Moreover, the material of The World's Illusion is earlier subjected to the romantic transmutation of the hero's conversion; Daniel Nothafft justifies the symbolism of his name to the end. Only then does he learn from the humble figure in the market place the secret of his tragic career. "All this comes about when one is unwilling to give, when one merely takes and takes. . . . How can a man be a creator if he deceives, stunts and abbreviates the humanity that is in him? . . . Your music can give men nothing so long as you yourself are held captive. Feel their distress! Have pity on their unplumbed loneliness! Behold mankind! Behold it!"

Both novels represent the Austrian master's reaction to a world brayed in the mortar of the great war, in which he is seeking again the principle of unity. In The World's Illusion Christian Wahnschaffe discovers it in the ethical paradox: He that loseth his life shall find it. In The Gooseman Daniel Nothafft finds it in the Kantian maxim to treat human beings not as means but as ends in themselves. If it be objected that the allegory is an old one and the moral heard often before, who will maintain that the present world has no longer need of them?

The translation of Wassermann offers a special form of a common problem. The words as physical properties apart from their meaning have a peculiar value in his page, which becomes extraordinarily expressive like a crowd of faces, ecstatic, violent, wistful, leering, agonized. Moreover, it is only German words which can respond to Wassermann's senses and record his moods. He holds a national title to his genius, and his cosmopolitan appeal is thereby necessarily limited. Particularly does the English yield a clumsy and inept version of Wassermann's expression. The difficulty which Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn's undoubted skill did so much to alleviate in The World's Illusion, is felt to a greater extent in The Goose Man, which is to be called a conscientious rather than an inspired translation.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

William Carlos Williams

Sour Grapes, by William Carlos Williams. Boston: The Four Seas Company. $2.00.

Kora in Hell: Improvisations, by William Carlos Williams. Boston: The Four Seas Company. $2.00.

Al Que Quiere!, by William Carlos Williams. Boston: The Four Seas Company. $1.00.

The Tempers, by William Carlos Williams. London: Elkin Mathews.

THE introduction into written speech of some quality capable of startling some human mind into imaginative apprehension has certainly been the study, perhaps the unconscious study, of most poets of distinction. It does not, therefore, seem out of place to examine a poet's work for evidence of the result of his study. The critic must presumably supply a kind of eye-piece capable of casting upon the retina of the concerned human mind an image, a portrait, as it were, of some human achievement. This image must not be altered to accommodate the lameness of the damned nor to exercise the nimbleness of the elect. Criticism of poetry must, I think, construct a portrait in the features of which may be read an answer to the question: does this work exude a quickened sense of being, a sense of things and circumstances in aspects not commonly perceptible to the reason, translated into terms of the emotions?

Mr. William Carlos Williams was, I believe, one of the imagists of the 1916 Anthology, and a comrade of Mr. Kreymborg in the Others group. His work shows very clearly what a pity it is that criticism has not recognized with enough definiteness the new forms in art and has consequently been unable to insist upon strict adherence to any principles whatever. As a result of this lamentable weakness in the critic's position there has been a tendency to invoke tradition and the long arm of the law from precincts endowed with magnificence but not with jurisdiction.

If these processes of biological evolution produced a new form of life one condition only would be imposed upon it: that it have body and form, that it look like something. There could not reasonably be any insistence that it resemble man, even though it were agreed that man represents the highest form of life. Poetry, although its evolution is neither logical nor biological, should not be subjected to any more conditions. Even if we should be confronted with the Doomsday spectacle of our latter day praisemongers uniting to agree that the poetry of the Victorians represents the highest form of poetry, we could not be forced to believe that the next form would have to have the same number of vertebrae in its rhythm.

So we do not quarrel with Mr. Williams when he begins lines without capital letters and breaks his rhythms like stale crackers. We do not, any more than Rembrandt would be likely to accuse Henri Matisse of leaving out the capital letters of atmosphere. We recognize that poetry is a fluid medium and we do not confuse the fact that there is more good poetry in the older form than in the new with the possibility that the form is itself responsible. The new forms are very young and the old forms are very old. We do, however, lament in many of the moderns, and very particularly in Mr. Williams, the failure to recognize that escape from the bonds of tyranny is not in itself liberty. I personally do not agree with Matisse's suggestion that everyone must find an individual form for his own sensations. But I should be willing to agree that everyone should find out what his own sensations are before attempting to use or to construct a form.

In these four books of Mr. Williams—and four books should be enough to determine the quality of any poet—his quality appears, and the success of its presentation is conditioned by the fact that in most of the poems this quality of his is behind a cloud which he cultivates in the belief that it is a manner, a style—a style not in any accepted sense of the word but rather in the sense of a vehicle for continuous divergence. The poet, in his prologue to Kora in Hell, says "I'll write whatever I damn please, whenever I damn please and as I damn please, and it'll be good if the authentic spirit of change is on it." In Sour Grapes we have, in a sense, the fine flower of the spirit of change. That the bloom is no finer I think is due to the fact that its creator always changes in the same

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direction. He is like a woman who cannot bear to have her children grow up to survey the world from her own point of vantage and who in consequence returns to the refuge of always bearing new ones, ending, an untimely wreck, when she is no longer able to conceive.

The chief source of my reluctance to admit Mr. Williams to the highest company of modern poets is centred in his faults of style. He is nearly always honest, often shrewd, sometimes delicate, even rarely genuinely passionate. He has, as indeed have most of the interesting rebels against the old, a keen sense of the fit phrase but the keenness often dies away like an unsustained melody. He is concerned with images but they do not seem to me to be often successful because of his unwillingness or inability to use restraint —that restraint which is most often found where distinction of style gives an artist a true command of his medium.

It seems to me that a clearer understanding of that of which his verses are the projections would do a great deal toward swinging the balance of Mr. Williams's creative impulse into an equilibrium which might permit something very fine to issue from him. Yet the state in which we find this poet is nothing more than we must expect of all our persons of talent until we provide something worth listening to in the way of criticism. If Mr. Williams has erred in paying too much attention to the adulation of his friends it is at least not difficult to understand why he preferred it to the absurd bombastic nonsense of his unfriendly critics.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

Mr. Huneker's "Pet Author"

The Ghost Girl, by Edgar Saltus. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

ON the title page of the extremely rare Curious Case of H. Hyrtl, Esq. (1892), a weekly dreadful he edited, Edgar Saltus described himself as the author of several attempts in history, philosophy and ornamental literature. In the seldom seen Love and Lore (1890) he planted this paragraph:

> The pleasure which comes of a novel should be physical. It should put the reader in a state of tension sufficient to cause an evocation of fancies which without that influence would decline to appear. . . . The first duty of a novelist is to irritate the reader. The second duty is to be able to bone the dictionary as a chef bones a bird. The third duty is to have emotions, and to be so prompt in detaining them that the reader shares their effect. But, paramount of all, he should let no work go from him that does not instill some lesson and make men, and women too, the better and the wiser for his prose. If he fail in any one of these duties, then the Exact Representation of the Fugitive Impression is not his to convey.

The first instance names the genre, ornamental literature, to which the novels of Edgar Saltus, including the posthumous Ghost Girl, belong. The second states the aesthetic which The Ghost Girl most recently exemplifies. The rarity of the books containing these instances suggests the background for his career.

For to secure the majority of Saltus's thirty odd books, one must wage a prolonged and exciting hunt in the dusty twilight of second-hand book shops. And the reason is that Saltus was submerged in the limbo of American literature by a period whose stenogram follows. From the fall of the New England school (roughly 1860) to the rise of the present Young America (roughly 1910) the dominant American literary taste was Anglo-servile and embraced a moralism derived from the pioneer, the puritan, the industrialist and the Victorian, an amalgam now happily named genteelness. Critics of power with any interest in aesthetics were completely lacking. And so one giant, Mark Twain, was wrecked, and two others, Walt Whitman and Henry James, were largely dissociated from an American audience and their influence shunted to Europe.

At its best, this period permitted only the suave selected realism of Howells to function freely. At its worst, it created a cloudy limbo into which it cast its significant talents—Ambrose Bierce, Stephen Crane, Lafcadio Hearn, William Vaughn Moody, Frank Norris, Percival Pollard and many others, so that much of recent criticism has been devoted to their extrication. Naturally, Edgar Saltus, who was greatly affected by French literature and whose philosophy came from Buddhism, Schopenhauer and the more learned branches of occultism, and whose attitude was the dandy's, naturally Saltus too was obscured. It was customary for critics to lament that a man of his ability should have released to any other mark than the wastebasket his "muddy manuscripts."

Actually, his manuscripts glitter. He had a consummate ability to compress whole libraries of yawns into two hundred pages of excitement, as when he wrote his handbook on atheism, The Anatomy of Negation, or his little compendium of pessimism, The Philosophy of Disenchantment, or his history of the ideal, The Lords of the Ghostland, or his history of Rome, The Imperial Purple—the last considered by Arthur Symons his masterpiece. His erudition was wide but delightfully accessible; his pen was light, swift and sensuous and turned scores of epigrams that match with those of Wilde, who admired Saltus.

In fiction he baked "ornamental literature." First of all, he irritated, as witness the opening lines of The Ghost Girl.

> The vivid climax to Nelly Chilton's wedding startled a metropolis long since used to the startling. But the spectacular termination of the beauty's marriage was commonplace by comparison to incidents that supervened.

Very quickly, he straps the reader into a rack of suspense—for he wrote "mystery" stories—but it is a suspense adorned with the most luxuriant flora from the dictionary, as this from The Ghost Girl.

> In the sarabands of lightning there was an expansiveness, a continuity and a glory that made the black sky gold. A picture torn from the mythologies, the war of titans and of gods, I went to the roof to enjoy it. The lightning there was raspberry, the sky when not a gold field was a tent of crêpe. Between was scudding lingerie, and I held my hair on as I stood, like a valkyr I hope, in the howling and deluvian rain.

In telling The Ghost Girl he detains surprises, shudders, horrors, tortures that are, if not provocative of deep contemplation, amazingly titillating. Finally, he does "instill

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a lesson"—and Saltus, of course, spoke as an artist—by energizing his well planned design with a pessimistic fatalism.

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